The Literary Digest

NEW YORK, MAY 28, 1932

TOPICS OF THE DAY

Al Smith's First Message to Congress

A PRIVATE CITIZEN STEPS UP to the microphone and talks, not so much to the listening people as to the Congress of the United States.

And no one chides Alfred E. Smith for thus striding in to tell Congress its duty in words that read strangely like a Presidential message. To such observers as the Springfield *Republican* and Brooklyn *Eagle* it looks as tho Mr. Smith had taken upon himself the rôle of a minority leader under the European parliamentary system. In the view of Frank Kent of the Baltimore *Sun*, he has made "the little squabbling, partizan timid members of his party in Congress seem particularly small and contemptible."

In general, the New Yorker wins praise for boldness and plainness of speech.

Fault is, indeed, found with some of the substance of this message, and there are progressives in both parties who profess disappointment at his conservative tone and wonder what has become of the old Al Smith from New York's East Side.

On the other hand, his Presidential candidacy assumes new importance, as his pledged delegates now total nearly 100, including those from Connecticut and New Jersey.

Republicans like to notice that he supports Hoover as against Congress on several points, and that in general he and Hoover seem not so far apart. "A good Republican speech," a Republican Congressman calls it. "Hoover is opposed to Smith on every one of these items except two," retorts a Democratic Senator.

THE press in the main follow the Associated Press in dividing the Smith platform into ten planks, each directed specifically at Congress. The Smith objective is obvious in the very third sentence beginning, "the first duty of the Congress." Again and again the 1928 candidate for the Presidency tells Congress what it should or should not do. The main points of the speech being given in brief on this page, it is perhaps necessary to quote only certain passages involving controversial points.

The Smith argument for the sales tax is spoken of by editors as perhaps the strongest yet made for that particular form of revenue getting. It is "good sound American principle," according to Mr. Smith, that the strain of taxation "should be fairly and evenly distributed over all business, all industry and all occupations and callings." This, he declares, the sales tax would do.

To help the man on the street to understand it, he explains that a man who spends a thousand dollars a year would have been required under such a manufacturer's sales tax as was laid before the House of Representatives, to "pay less than eight dollars a year." And Mr. Smith does not think that anybody who can spend a thousand a year will be unwilling to contribute eight dollars a year to help support the Federal Government.

Ex-Governor Smith makes it very, very plain that he stands by the "ordinary citizen of limited means and limited earning power." So he thinks that he will not be misunderstood when he assails the "soak the rich" idea. He says, "you can not soak capital without soaking labor at the same time." Capital "must bear the main burden of taxation, but it should never be an unfair burden" and "the greater and freer the flow of capital the quicker industry will revive, and the quicker wide-spread unemployment will cease."

IT is the how of the relief matter that brings out the closest argument in the Smith speech. The ex-Governor returns to his old arguments for a bond issue to pay for public works and thus stimulate business. He recalls President Hoover's three-point Federal relief program which proposes:

"A Financial Program for the Present Crisis"

As summarized by the Associated Press from Alfred E. Smith's radio address of May 16.

1. Pass the sales tax.

2. Slash to the extreme limit all unnecessary appropriation of public money.

3. Empower the President to make an "immediate consolidation of governmental activities and bureaus, and in other ways to reduce the cost of government."

4. Halt the passage of more veterans' legislation; refuse to pass the bonus bill; appoint a committee to list what special acts and appropriations concerning veterans should be repealed to restore "the original Wilson principles."

5. Modify the Volstead Law and tax beer and light wines.

6. Authorize a Federal bond issue to make possible: expanded program of Federal improvements; additional highway aid to the States; loans to limited-dividend corporations for the construction of low-cost housing, and purchase by the Federal Government of State and municipal bonds issued to finance local public works of long life and permanent value.

7. Defeat President Hoover's three-point Federal relief program.

8. Give the President a "free hand to provide aid for productive public works of States and municipalities, as well as for additional Federal projects which will bring about the early employment of the largest number of men."

9. Empower the President to prolong, if necessary, the moratorium extended to debtor nations "until a real solution can be reached."

10. Discourage and avoid "in every possible way all blocs, cabals, insurgencies, and mugwump tactics, by whatever name they may be called, which bedevil legislation, increase the depression, unsettle business, and endanger our credit at home and abroad."

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"First, that authority be granted the Reconstruction Finance Corporation to assist States by underwriting State bonds or by loaning directly to them for relief purposes to an amount not exceeding a total of $300,000,000; second, that the Reconstruction Finance Corporation underwrite or make loans upon proper security for income-producing and self-sustaining enterprises which will increase employment, whether undertaken by public or private enterprise, provided also that these enterprises furnish part of the capital and promise early and substantial employment. And, third, that the borrowing power of the Reconstruction Finance Corporation be increased to $3,000,000,000."

And Getting Nowhere
—Costello in the Albany "Evening News."

He then proceeds to reason with President Hoover, saying that it makes little difference whether the Government backs up R. F. C. bonds or issues bonds of its own. He fears that if the aid extended by the R. F. C. is limited to revenue-producing improvements, "then all such projects as highways and practically all State and municipal improvements will be excluded"—

"Many of these improvements are truly productive, even if they do not produce revenue. It is absurd to measure the productiveness of an improvement by the amount of revenue it brings in directly."

And the ex-Governor declares himself radically opposed to public financing of private revenue-producing enterprises—

"It will lead to all kinds of log-rolling and favoritism, and there are plenty of worth-while public improvements ready to go ahead which should receive Federal aid before private business is subsidized."

Then comes the legal argument that constitutionally the States and municipalities simply can not borrow from the Federal Government.

But after thus differing with the President, his 1928 opponent comes out to demand that he be given a free hand to deal with this problem and that of war-debt postponements.

Next we have this final direct appeal to the Congress of the United States, which meets with wide approval:

"I believe that it is the patriotic duty of every member of Congress from now until adjournment to discourage and avoid in every possible way all blocs, cabals, insurgencies, and mugwump tactics, by whatever name they may be called, which bedevil legislation, increase the depression, unsettle business, and endanger our credit at home and abroad.

"Let every member of Congress think of what is best for the country at large, even tho it may not seem at the moment to be popular with the boys back home."

To take first the commonest reaction provoked by the Smith message, we find papers all over the country—particularly in the conservative East, bursting forth in sharp applause. This, says the Providence *News-Tribune* (Dem.) "is a gospel of intelligent patriotic leadership and conduct." The program, says the Hartford *Courant* (Rep.) is perhaps in the main "the ablest as well as the most comprehensive that has been offered." The Boston *Post* (Dem.) thanks heaven for "one statesman who isn't afraid to speak his mind." The Republican Boston *Transcript* finds in the speech "the noteworthy contribution of a patriot to the solution of problems which Congress has proved too provincial to grasp and treat with intelligence."

The "honest candor" of the speech appeals to the Washington *Post* (Ind.), and this phrase, by the way, stands out in many an editorial. Farther west the Minneapolis *Tribune* (Rep.) pays tribute to the breadth of view-point characterizing the speech and "the conciseness with which it shaped definite policies." Similarly the Milwaukee *Journal* (Ind.), says that "courage and force and definiteness all characterize Al Smith's talk." No fair man in either party, declares the Des Moines *Register* (Rep.), can deny that Smith "has done at least as much as any other candidate, Democratic or Republican, to strip away hypocrisy and to force consideration of real issues during the campaign so far."

Now we turn to the critics. Here is the Philadelphia *Record* (Ind. Dem.) which sees "the happy warrior turned cautious cavalier." It feels that "a great progressive has become a conservative." This is shown in his advocacy of the sales tax which "means placing the largest share of the fiscal burden on those who can afford it least," and which "is the device of selfish interests to escape their fair share of the tax burden."

In the same way and for the same reasons the St. Louis *Star* (Ind.) concludes that Smith "has let his old progressive spirit slip away until he can be distinguished from Herbert Hoover only by the positiveness of his utterances." In the same city *The Post-Dispatch* (Ind.) hears Smith voicing the *laissez faire* philosophy of the conservative wing of his party. And here is William Allen White of the Emporia *Gazette* lamenting that Smith is developing "into just another fairly conservative Democrat."

And in Alfalfa Bill Murray's Oklahoma, the Tulsa *Tribune* (Dem.) dismisses the Smith program as a piece of "shallow thinking," which contributes nothing to "the creation of a rational, sustained, and distributed prosperity."

Politically, it is felt that this speech advances Smith's Presidential candidacy. With the withdrawal of Owen D. Young coming the same day, it brings up the question, says Henry Suydam of the Brooklyn *Eagle*, whether the former Governor "will not turn out to be an active and formidable candidate for the nomination himself." "If one may judge by the aftermath of approval sweeping in upon Al Smith," says the New York *Evening Post*, "his speech has raised him from the level of a 'might have been' to that of a 'may be' in the race for the Democratic Presidential nomination."

When it comes to the differences of opinion as among Smith, Hoover, and the Congressional leaders over the relief program, a general fog seems to settle down around the matter. Mark Sullivan of the New York *Herald Tribune* puts it this way:

"The number of the different groups which are determined to bring about relief of unemployment through the funds of, or the initiative of, the Federal Government, is so large as to insure that this subject will be considered by Congress before it adjourns. At the same time, the number of these groups and the wide variations and even violent conflicts in their several ways of going at it are such as to be an extreme handicap to the central idea."

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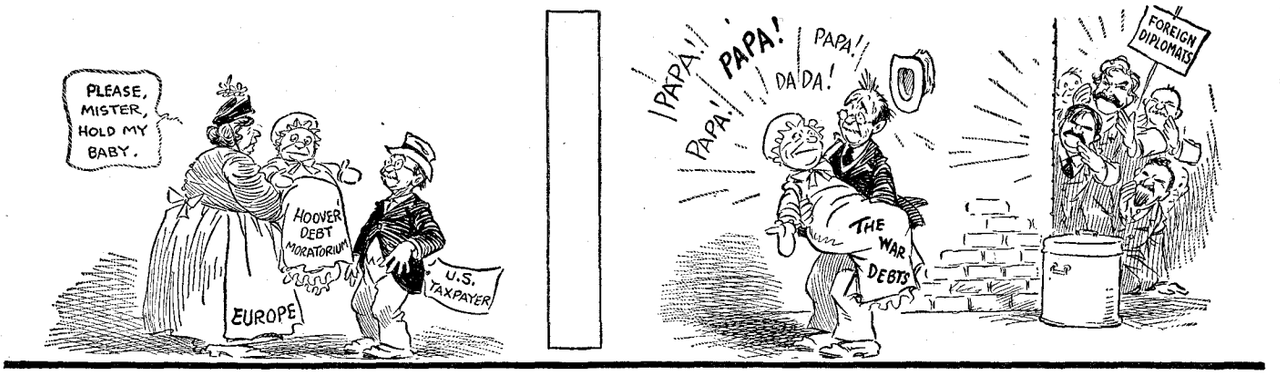

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The Ventriloquists

—Orr in the Chicago "Tribune."

Rail Labor's Warning and War-Debt Plea

"IF SOMETHING IS NOT IMMEDIATELY DONE, we will be obliged to demand a dole."

That blunt warning is served on President Hoover by the leaders of seven railway unions. And at the same time they submit to him their plan for a revision of war debts to stimulate our foreign trade and so revive American industry.

"Unless something is done to provide employment and relieve distress among the families of the unemployed," they tell the President, "we can not be responsible for the orderly operation of the railroads of this country," and "we will refuse to take the responsibility for the disorder which is sure to arise if conditions continue."

The action of the unions in proposing a war-debt revision plan, which many observers remind us is similar to that advanced by Alfred E. Smith, is "nothing less than an upheaval of public opinion," declares *The Wall Street Journal*. "It will be a revelation to the muddle-headed in Congress, who cry out against every suggestion of a sane treatment of this key problem as a hideous conspiracy of Wall Street against the American taxpayer."

BUT railroad labor is by no means a unit in advocating this plan. Leaders of six other rail unions promptly called on the President to register their opposition to it. "We feel," they said, "that it would shift an additional burden to the American taxpayer and American industry, thus retarding economic recovery."

The unions backing the war-debt proposal, we read, are the Brotherhood of Locomotive Firemen and Enginemen, the Order of Railway Conductors, the Brotherhood of Railway Trainmen, the Switchmen's Union of North America, the Order of Railroad Telegraphers, the American Train Dispatchers' Association, and the Brotherhood of Maintenance of Way Employees.

In their appeal, submitted with their recommendation, the unions declare that—

"The unemployed citizens whom we represent will not accept starvation while the two major political parties struggle for control of government and, meanwhile, fail to observe the rapid approach of a critical situation that threatens our whole country and our very existence.

"Mr. President, because of the gravity of the chaos now impending, it is our duty to give the constitutional Government of the United States full warning and to offer recommendations."

Blaming the burden of war debts for causing a slump in our foreign trade and a consequent aggravation of the depression, they ask:

"Why, under such conditions, do we shout, 'But a loan is a loan and a contract is a contract?' Why do we talk about having loaned in good faith and the sanctity of agreements to pay? Why should we continue to frantically demand that pound of flesh which is closest to the heart?

"Why should we demand the flesh closest to the heart of our brother laborers abroad when at the same time it means the ruination of our own earning power, our own economic system, and the ruination of the American home?"

TO the President they also submitted a proposed joint resolution under which Congress would authorize the President to appoint an International Trade and War Debt Commission. Its five members would include a representative of labor, a representative of the farmers, two outstanding business leaders, and a financial expert.

This commission would inform the debtor nations that the ultimate settlement of each debt problem "is dependent on the degree of cooperation that each individual foreign Government exhibits and institutes in its efforts to restimulate and increase imports from the United States."

Also, the President would be authorized to grant a twenty-five-year moratorium to each debtor country, provided that such country shall cooperate "by every possible means to aid the United States to regain and develop its foreign trade," and "shall agree to declare a similar moratorium on war-reparations payments."

The commission also would have power to cancel each country's debt to the extent of 25 per cent. of its annual imports from the United States.

But the other rail group hastened to submit a statement to the President making it clear that they were opposed. The unions listed in this group are the Brotherhood of Locomotive Engineers, Brotherhood of Railway Carmen, the International Brotherhood of Firemen and Oilers, the Brotherhood of Railway and Steamship Clerks, Freight Handlers, Express and Station Employees, the International Association of Machinists, and the International Association of Sheet Metal Workers.

"We believe," said their statement, "the war-debt plan in question to be hastily conceived and unsound in principle."

On the other hand, the Baltimore *Sun* declares that the plan is "one of the most important as well as one of the most encouraging documents to come out of this period of travail"—

"What it means in essence is that an influential group of labor leaders, representing about one-third of the standard railway unions, has subscribed to a declaration of independence from the death-dealing dogma that the United States is sufficient unto itself economically.

"More specifically, it means that these leaders now see, and publicly say, that the economic welfare of a railway brakeman, running between Salt Lake City and Provo, Utah, is virtually affected by the welfare of the textile workers in Brussels."

BUT this rail-labor plan is "an impractical dream," declares the Washington *Post*. "Railway labor leaders compliment Alfred E. Smith when they take up his scheme to cancel the war debts in return for the purchase of American goods, but they reflect no credit upon their judgment."

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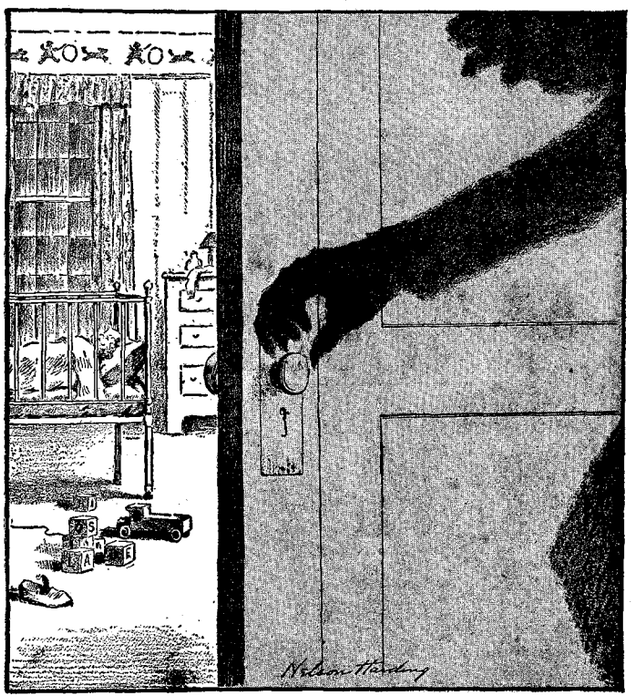
The Lindbergh Crime as a Challenge to America

"LITTLE CHARLES LINDBERGH must not have died in vain."

United in grief, sharing a deadly rage, seared by a common shame, the nation echoes that cry, voiced by the Albany *Evening News*.

Only in the interpretation of what must be done in response to the universal demand is there division of opinion.

The President hears the cry of America, and serves a stern notice that this kidnaping and murder must be made "a live



Can't We Make the World Safe for Infancy?
—Harding in the New York "Evening Journal."

and never-to-be-forgotten case, never to be relaxed until the criminals are implacably brought to justice."

THE world hears the cry and looks on anxiously to see what America will do about this horror.

In West Virginia, the editor of the Charleston *Gazette* hears it, and says that "here is the challenge of the gangster to society."

In the Northwest, the editor of the Minneapolis *Journal* hears it, and solemnly declares that "the baby's blood is also on the hands of the average American citizen," because of "his long complacency to crime."

Out in Kansas, the Wichita *Beacon* hears it, and thunders a demand that Congress make kidnaping punishable by death.

To the Arkansas *Gazette* the call means that "out of national sorrow and a national humiliation should come a new consecration in citizenship." Similarly, to the Indianapolis *News:*

"Sobered by this awful experience and with the springs of sympathy stirred as never before, the American people should kneel down in a new devotion to the laws of God and the faith of our fathers."

Thus, a soul-searching nation seeks, almost desperately, for a means of overcoming the menace symbolized by the death of "Little Lindy."

From every corner of the country papers voice a demand, some perhaps a little hysterically, that lawlessness be wiped out. Various are the ways proposed. But there is agreement with the general program advanced by the New York *Evening Post:*

"It is for each of us, we believe, helpless as we now seem to be, to make up our minds here and now that the murder of this little child shall not be unavenged.

"Let us all firmly resolve that this shall be the high mark of crime in the United States; that we shall first clear out the evil thing that is breaking respect for law and financing wickedness, and that we shall then go on to put justice into our courts and the fear of God into our criminals."

MORE specific in his attack is M. E. Tracy of the New York *World-Telegram:*

"Much of the trouble we are in harks back to the illusionment that people can be crooked in certain respects and straight in others, that collateral is better security than character, that cleverness brings greater reward than reliability, and that success is not the real thing unless it can be measured by money.

"God knows why little Charles Lindbergh was murdered, but indirectly the wicked, wanton, causeless crime can be attributed to the wise-cracking, jazzed-up, hypocritical age in which we live—an age that pays racketeers for protection, that elects crooks to office on the ground that they are smart politicians, that outlaws bootleggers, buys their goods at exorbitant prices, and then claps them in jail when they fail to pay income taxes on the profits they make."

"This brutal, hideous, unthinkable crime constitutes a challenge to law and order that can not be underestimated," declares the Richmond *Times-Dispatch*—

"The Lindbergh crime will bring to a head, this newspaper believes, the entire question of whether the United States is to be swept along in a tide of lawlessness, or whether, finally aroused, the lawless are to be beaten into hiding, if they can not be stamped out of existence.

"It makes no difference whether the crime was perpetrated by professional gangsters or executed by amateurs. Professional kidnapers, when they see the ease with which the most celebrated child in America was spirited from its crib, will take heart. It is incredible that this country can escape a wave of kidnaping, unless the Lindbergh murderers are sent to their death.

"The law enforcement agents of the United States have received the supreme challenge. What will be the result—will the United States be governed by law or lawlessness?"

DRIVING home the terrible significance of the crime, the Nashville *Banner* warns that it "is but a symbol of the challenge which all crime is directing against all law," and proceeds:

"Every city, every community, every State, as well as the nation, must face this issue.

"To ignore it will not avail; to deny its existence is impossible; to attempt evasion means only secret surrender.

"The only thing to do is to fight, to strike back—and to strike hard—with all the power of aroused and determined public opinion behind every blow.

"It is the people whose welfare is at stake. It is they who must lead the way for their own defense. Longer inaction will be folly for which the future will exact a heavy toll."

This crime "was not a fiendish freak," declares the Chicago *Tribune*. "It has causes in American life"—

"After every allowance has been made, the people of the United States must read the indictment of themselves, an indictment of their easy tolerance of corruption in public life, of its consequent encouragement of criminals, and its effect upon the administration of justice.

"They must face their immune criminals and know what creates the immunity.

"They must face their own sentimentality and their disregard of the ordinary, inconspicuous victims of crime, their perverted emotionalism, and their bland or blind attitude toward viciousness in public life.

"They are mad now. They would love to have the execution of justice in their own hands. Will they stay angry long enough?"

Frankly fearful that America's anger will die out, that the nation again will lapse into apathy, the Minneapolis *Tribune* sadly remarks:

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"We should like to think that to-day's seething emotions will become permanently crystallized to-morrow in a new attitude of intolerance for all crime and all criminals, but we are not sanguine on this point.

"Our sense of outrage, in the last analysis, hangs largely on personalities; if past experiences are repeated, it will prove a fleeting and a transitory thing, and we shall settle back, when and if our lust for vengeance has been satisfied, with the same smug assurance that crime, which is the great national cancer, has responded to a skin-deep treatment.

"That is one tragic side, and we are not so sure that it is not the greatest one, of the black crime of the New Jersey Sourlands."

"At the present moment the American people are running true to form," adds the St. Louis *Star*—

"Sincerely, emotionally, they cry that crime must be eradicated. They arm themselves to kill Caliban. Congress will pass a law, valuable in its terms, to help the States combat kidnaping.

"Police, prosecutors, judges, and juries will have a momentary spasm of vigorous activity, and then, if the nation continues to run true to form, all will settle back as before, and America will continue to be what it is to-day, the most crime-ridden country on the face of the earth."

"PUBLIC indignation over the tragedy ought to be applied to means for the prevention of crime," urges the Washington *Post*, for "an outburst of fury, followed by another lapse into submission to the crime system, will do no good, whether or not the murderers of the Lindbergh child are caught and executed."

The people of the United States, adds *The Post*, "are faced with the alternative of destroying the crime system or being destroyed by it." "Public authority as now constituted is impotent," and it recommends that "vigilance committees should be organized in every community to cooperate with the law authorities." Then:

"The capture of the Lindbergh fiends will not end this terrible régime of crime.

"The people will victimize themselves if they rely upon the punishment of the Lindbergh murderers to serve as a deterrent of crime.

"There is too much profit in modern crime, too much temptation to kidnap and murder, too many blind and stupid communities waiting to be raided and plundered, for the crime engineers to give up their business. They will quit crime only when it becomes too dangerous to be profitable.

"It is the plain duty of the American people to make crime equivalent to the death of the criminal. They can not do this by bursting into occasional fury and then 'passing the buck' to a law-enforcement system that is hampered for money, fettered by regulations, and operating with obsolete methods and machinery.

"The people must be their own law-enforcement system or be subject to the crime-enforcement system. So long as they fail to organize for the common defense, they are assisting the crime system to flourish and destroy all."

"NO American has any right to be sorry for the Lindberghs," declares the Philadelphia *Record*, "unless he is prepared to act on his feelings." "The way forward," it adds, "is clear." First, *The Record* would wipe out the Prohibition law. Second, it would amalgamate the police systems of the forty-eight States "so that one incorruptible central agency can supervise our national battle against organized crime."

Along the same line, the Camden *Courier-Post* says that—

"This crime shows that America needs a system of State 'Scotland Yards'—with a central organization at Washington—a detection and police system divorced from politics.

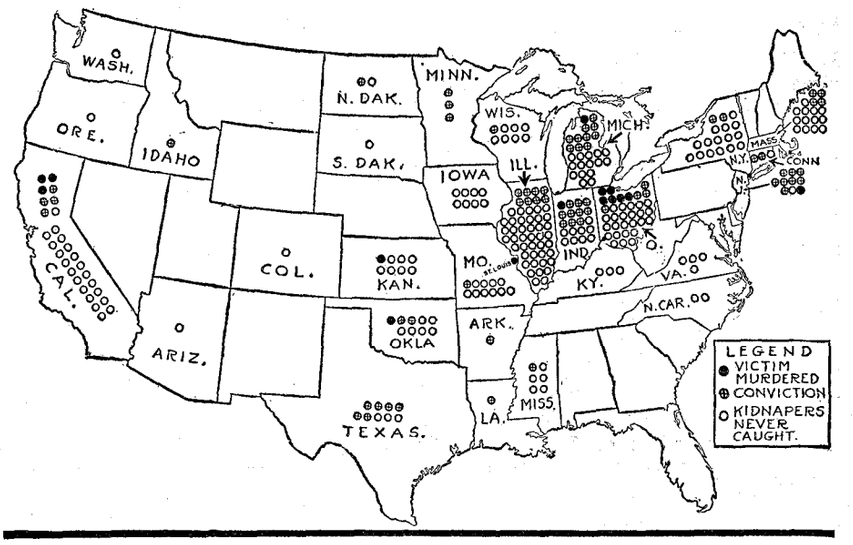
"It shows, above all, that criminals do not fear the existing agencies of justice!"

"DEATH is the only kind of punishment these racketeers can understand," declares Senator Roscoe C. Patterson, of Missouri, sponsor of a bill to make interstate kidnaping a capital Federal offense. Telling us, in *Liberty*, of the growth of this type of crime, he says:

"According to available statistics there have been 285 reported kidnapings in the United States during the past three years.

"Thirteen victims have been murdered; forty-six have been transported from one State to another. There have been only forty-six convictions in cases of this character."

His bill, he says, provides that "the death penalty would be inflicted only in the most aggravated cases."



From the New York *Daily News*. Prepared by M. M. Drake, Director of Research, St. Louis Chamber of Commerce

Where the Kidnaper Has Left His Blots

This map shows the geographical distribution by States of 285 kidnaping cases of the last three years, recorded by the St. Louis Police Department. This is only a partial report, since St. Louis police sent out 948 questionnaires to American cities and towns and only 502 replied. Each circle represents one kidnaping.

"Public security," agrees the St. Louis *Globe-Democrat*, "demands that adequate Federal laws providing extreme penalties for interstate kidnaping and for use of the mails to extract ransom be passed without further loss of time."

BUT the Baltimore *Sun* disagrees. It finds Washington "full of excited gentry determined to make kidnaping an offense against the Federal laws," but "what good that would have done in the Lindbergh case these advocates of more laws conveniently forget to point out."

"We can not look to mere laws for a remedy," echoes the Miami *News*. "We must look within ourselves for the answer."

"There is nothing we can do or say to help the Lindberghs now," remarks the Cleveland *News*—

"But if the shock of their child's death can galvanize a people, living in terror of its criminal population, opprest by gang rule, ridden by racketeers, into action, action that will restore the lawful freedom envisaged by the nation's founders, the memory of Charles Lindbergh, Jr., will live as a symbol of sacrifice instead of national disgrace."

As the Portland *Evening Express* sums it all up:

"We may hope that the tragedy of Hopewell will bring to the minds of the people of this country more clearly and forcibly the depths to which society here has sunk since the war, and that there will come determined resolution that the rule of crime that has prevailed in this nation since the war shall end.

"If there does come that resolution, a change will be wrought.

"Then the Lindbergh baby will not have died in vain."

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Again the Silver Trumpet Calls

OLDSTER'S MEMORIES GO BACK thirty-six years—"A young man in a black cutaway coat, with a mop of hair hanging over his collar," stands "in a stuffy little two-dollar room in a farmers' hotel in Chicago" shaking hands with a throng of "free silver" enthusiasts, as an Associated Press writer recalls the scene.

And maybe next month there will be echoes in the Chicago conventions of that other famous Chicago convention that sat spellbound as the words fell from Bryan's lips: "You shall not press down upon the brow of labor this crown of thorns; you shall not crucify mankind upon a cross of gold."

The 1932 friends of silver insist they are not talking bimetallism, but merely want to restore the value of silver in order to strengthen the gold standard and stabilize prices.

But even without bimetallism as a major issue there will be ample opportunity for "cross of gold" oratory, reflects the Cleveland *Plain Dealer*. It finds in the Somers resolution calling for an international silver conference passages that read very much like "the great Commoner's major effort—the country will hear much of the same economic philosophy in the next five months if the process of deflation continues."

Whether or not speech is silver, we are certainly hearing lots of silver speeches in Congress these days. Just to call attention to one or two of the most important of the silver suggestions that have been discust in Washington, we note early this month the resolution introduced in each House of Congress authorizing the President to accept payment of our war debts in silver at the rate of one and a half ounces per dollar.

Senator Hayden of Arizona, who sponsored the resolution in the Senate, points out that silver payment at the rate of one and a half ounces for each dollar of debts would be equivalent to evaluating silver at 66⅔ cents an ounce for payment purposes. The market price of silver is now around 30 cents, and the Arizona Senator feels that the effect of his plan would be to raise the price of silver toward the 66⅔ cents level. It would mean to the debtor nations that they would be paying each dollar of debt with 45 cents worth of silver, at the present price.

Acme

Wants Silver Powwow

Representative Andrew L. Somers, Chairman of the House committee which calls for an international conference on silver.

BUT of even greater interest is the resolution introduced in the House of Representatives by Mr. Somers of New York, Chairman of the House Committee on Coinage, Weights, and Measures. This resolution asks the President to call an international conference for this four-fold purpose:

"(1) The adjustment of national currencies to the gold standard; (2) the correction of the dislocation of international exchanges; (3) reevaluation of silver wherever used as money and as monetary reserves; and (4) the raising of commodity price-levels to a point sufficiently high to restore the normal basis of economic relations between private debtors and creditors."

It is reported that while the governments do not commit themselves, certain elements in financial circles in both England and France favor the silver parley idea. And President Hoover, it seems, has agreed to sound out the European Powers on the subject.

The report of the committee headed by Mr. Somers goes into the subject at great length. The conclusion is reached that if the conference, by stabilizing the price of silver, could release gold at present hoarded, it "would be tantamount to a simultaneous sale of gold and purchase of silver in the amount of $1,000,000,000, a transaction that would raise the price of silver, or, to the same degree, reduce the price of gold when exprest in commodities." Then, "if the price of silver could be raised from 30 to 60 cents per ounce, the action in itself would have the same effect as the discovery of a new gold mine producing and making available to the world $3,000,000,000 in gold." The figure is reached by giving an increase of value of 30 cents an ounce to an estimated world stock of 10,000,000,000 ounces of silver. Interference with natural laws is justified by the assertion that the stability of silver has been shattered in the last dozen years by governmental action.

As a writer for the United Press in a Washington dispatch sums up the events which the Somers committee consider responsible for silver's present state, it seems that worship of the gold standard is talked of as the cause of silver's drop—

"With the gold standard supreme in most of Europe, a wide-spread movement was begun to debase silver, the subsidiary coinage. Thus Great Britain in 1920 remelted its silver money and reduced the silver content from .925 to .500 per cent.

"As a result, it has thrown on the world market during the last decade about 75,000,000 ounces of silver, thus competing with the product of silver mines and forcing down prices. France, Belgium, Australia, and various nations of South America put their faith in gold and sent a constant stream of discarded silver to the Orient.

"The first really drastic decline in silver—after the post-war adjustment of 1921—came in 1926 when the royal commission on coinage and finance recommended that India—the world's silver vault—be put on a gold bullion standard.

"The Indian situation is regarded by economists as the real crux of the problem. Its vast reserves—and the possibility that more of them may be sold—have hung as a suspended sword over the silver market.

"Still another reason cited by economists for the dwindling price of silver is the chaotic situation in China.

"Finally, economists point out that silver prices tend to flow with the general trend of commodity prices.

"All these causes have combined to make the Chinese dollar worth about 30 cents, to limit purchases of American and European goods by the Orient, to close down silver mines here and in Mexico, and thus to deepen the economic depression."

A STRONG argument in favor of both the silver parley and the silver debt plan is made by the Denver *Post*. It insists that "anybody can see that the world's supply of gold is totally inadequate for the transaction of the world's business," and "the logical supplement for gold as a money base is silver." With the United States and France cornering the world's gold, our foreign debtors, of course, can not pay us, "but if there were an international agreement to stabilize silver at a reasonable level, they could pay in silver, and American taxpayers would not be saddled with the whole financial burden of the World War."

But Mid-Western and Eastern papers in particular look askance at these silver plans. The Chicago *Daily News* thinks the silver conference "would constitute a veritable Pandora's Box"; and the Manchester *Union* insists that "silver is a commodity, subject to the same economic laws as any other commodities."

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The Wet Upheaval in Ohio

NOW THAT OHIO HAS STAGED ITS UPHEAVAL, "it is only a question of time until national Prohibition will be abolished."

Thus confidently, the Columbus *Ohio State Journal* sums up the views of the wet press, at least, on the recent primary in the great pivotal State, home of the Anti-Saloon League.

"When Ohio voted dry in 1918," this paper points out, "everybody knew it was only a question of time until nearly every State would capitulate"—

> "Since Ohio has gone wet again, everybody knows it is only a question of time until national Prohibition will be abolished—in letter as well as in already established fact."

Furthermore, declares this paper, the primary means that the G.O.P. is about to leap off the water-wagon. Agreeing, another Ohio paper, the Cincinnati *Times-Star*, asserts that with the State "overwhelmingly wet, like New York and Pennsylvania, Massachusetts and Illinois, it would be suicide for the Republican National convention to ignore Prohibition in its 1932 platform."

Thus the wet thunder rolls.

© Harris & Ewing

David S. Ingalls
For Governor

International

Gilbert Bettman
For Senator

OHIO'S WET REPUBLICAN WINNERS

As for the drys, most of them seem to be silent, or perhaps they are withholding their fire until later. So few of them had anything to say about the Ohio primary that THE LITERARY DIGEST, anxious to present the views of both camps, sent telegraphic requests to a number of dry papers. The response is slight.

But the drys who do talk are emphatic. Ohio, they declare, has not gone wet. Their voters failed to go to the polls; also the dry vote was split, permitting wets to slip through.

Giving us the measure of what happened in Ohio, W. C. Howells writes in the Cleveland *Plain Dealer:*

"Anti-Prohibition candidates on both Republican and Democratic tickets were swept to victory in the primaries by majorities undreamed of in Ohio, birthplace and 'cradle' of the Anti-Saloon League, and battle-ground which witnessed that organization's major triumphs in the last two decades.

"Not one candidate for an important State office indorsed by the dry organization survived; this includes governorship, senatorship, and Congressman at large.

"That the result of the primary election will be interpreted as a mandate to both national conventions to write liberal planks into their platforms is by no means unlikely. The voice raised in such certain terms by this pivotal State is not likely to go unheeded.

"The extent of the anti-Prohibitionist triumph is best gaged by the annihilating defeat administered by Attorney-General Gilbert Bettman to Louis J. Taber, national master of the Grange in the Republican senatorial contest.

"In this contest, Prohibition was singled out as almost the sole issue.

"In a somewhat less striking degree, the story of the anti-Prohibitionist victory was written into the gubernatorial primary contests in both parties.

"David S. Ingalls, of Cleveland, striking young Navy World War ace, and now assistant secretary of the Navy for Aeronautics [wet], zoomed into a spectacular victory over two powerful opponents and veterans of many a political battle-field, Secretary of State Clarence J. Brown and former Gov. Myers Y. Cooper [both drys]."

ON the Democratic side, Gov. George White, who advocates a referendum of the Prohibition question, had no serious opposition for renomination. At the same time he won the Ohio delegation to the Democratic National convention.

Mr. Bettman's victory in the senatorial contest means that wet will be pitted against wet in the fall election, for Senator Robert J. Bulkley, Democratic incumbent, is an avowed enemy of the Prohibition law. Mr. Bulkley was renominated without a contest.

NEGLIGENCE of the drys is blamed by S. P. McNaught, superintendent of the Ohio Anti-Saloon League. Specifying the Bettman-Ingallstriumphs, he says, as quoted by the Columbus *Evening Dispatch:*

"This would indicate a wet trend on the part of those who voted.

"From the standpoint of those who did not vote, indifference is indicated, which indifference is largely responsible for the outcome. Drys who did not vote in the primaries, by their negligence have contributed to the nomination of these wet candidates.

"Will these nominees now present the voters with a constructive program that will convince our citizens that they have something better than Prohibition, or will they take advantage of this apparent swing to the wet side, and proceed to wipe Prohibition off the statute books and leave the people in hopeless chaos with regard to the liquor traffic?"

"The vote shows Ohio dry," insists the Alliance *Review* in an editorial telegraphed to THE LITERARY DIGEST:

"In both instances in which the wet candidates were successful the dry vote was split and the wet vote massed. The dry vote that went to Brown and Cooper for Governor far outnumbers that which was cast in favor of wet Ingalls. The wet vote cast for Bettman would have been swamped by the dry vote cast for the other four candidates.

"The State, as the vote reveals, is solidly dry, and only for the unfortunate circumstances that led to two dry candidates in the field was it made possible for a wet to win in the race for Governor. And that which is true in the race for Governor is also true in the vote that was cast for United States Senator."

A SIMILAR assertion is made by F. Scott McBride, General Superintendent of the Anti-Saloon League, who accuses the wets of making a "supreme effort" to create "the illusion of the reversal to wetness in order to influence party platform builders."

A glance at the primary vote as reported by the International News Service shows that Ingalls's vote was 284,092, while his opponents' combined total was 404,200. In the Senatorial contest, Bettman obtained 253,282 votes, while his four opponents had 315,495 among them.

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TOPICS IN BRIEF

DEPRESSION is getting bad when they have to split the atom. —*Omaha World-Herald.*

A GREAT many prospective campaign promises seem to have been nipt in the budget.—*Norfolk Virginian-Pilot.*

THE millennium will have arrived when politicians can be sued for breach of campaign promises.—*Louisville Times.*

THE man who takes another person's money, says a judge, always lives to regret it. We must tell our bookmaker about this. —*The Humorist* (*London*).

IT turns out that our big bankers were not hoarders, as demagogs have charged. They simply gave the money to Kreuger.—*The New Yorker.*

AND there would be a good market for the used car if it weren't for the used income.—*Judge.*

THE Republican nomination is conceded to Mr. Hoover, but the Democratic is regarded as worth fighting for.—*Weston* (*Ore.*) *Leader.*

THE victory of Borgoo King is the first bright moment that royalty has had in quite a while.—*Greensboro* (*Ga.*) *Herald-Journal.*

ANOTHER good mental test is to figure out what becomes of the money you save since living got cheaper.—*Jackson* (*Miss.*) *News.*

A NECESSITY is something you can't get along without, but do. A luxury is something you ought to get along without, but don't. — *Dunbar's Weekly* (*Phœnix*).

WE never had much of a yen to watch a Kentucky derby, but we would like to get a look at some of the people who christen the horses.—*Cedar Rapids Gazette.*

THE Indians were the first real cosmeticians in this country, observes a convention speaker. Sure enough! And they were pretty darned good at removing surplus hair, too. —*Boston Herald.*

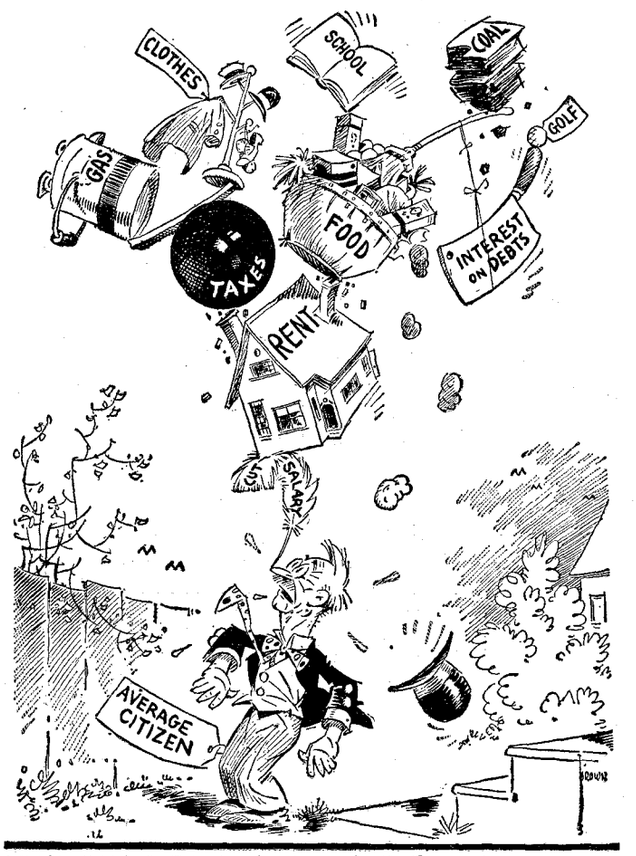
EUROPE, apparently, finds it easier to deflate kings than we do bureaus.—*Arkansas Gazette.*

YOU can make the average man mad by referring to him as an average man.—*Greensboro Herald-Journal.*

MR. HOOVER insists that the billion-dollar tax bill is non-partizan, and he hopes the effect of it will be.—*Dallas News.*

WHEN you wonder where your money goes, just remember that about 25 per cent. of it goes for the luxury of being governed. —*Cincinnati Enquirer.*

DAWES says Wall Street is only a "peanut stand." It certainly gathered the nut crop completely.—*Greensboro Herald-Journal.*



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Waiting for Congress to Balance the National Budget
—Brown in the New York "Herald Tribune."

WHATEVER it is that makes the tired business man tired, this year it isn't business.—*Dunbar's Weekly.*

PRESIDENT HOOVER has come out in favor of justice for everybody. Tho probably a lot of us wouldn't enjoy it. — *San Diego Union.*

AND we wonder if the disarmament conference is going to take up the question of bayonet edges on men's straw hats?—*Judge.*

THE difference between foreign and domestic relations is that our statesmen keep the latter on the government payroll.—*Weston Leader.*

THE idea seems to prevail in Congress that the best place to balance the budget is on the back of the taxpayer's neck.—*Norfolk Virginian-Pilot.*

IT's too bad that the American people can't work up the same amount of indignation over the length of the breadlines that they do over the lines at the public golf-course. —*Judge.*

A STATESMAN thinks it a healthy sign that the depression is causing people to do more thinking. He wouldn't be so optimistic if he could know what they are thinking, however. — *Atlanta Constitution.*

HINDENBURG, we read in the paper, has a ready flow of small talk. Yes, we've often heard of the Hindenburg line.—*Nashville Southern Lumberman.*

PERSONALLY our opposition to the thirteen-month year is that thirteen firsts of the month are going to be unlucky either for us or our creditors.—*Dallas News.*

NOTHING in modern times has equaled the agony of Congress at having to come to the realization that it can't economize without spending less money.—*Nashville Banner.*

"POVERTY-STRICKEN Count Weds Untitled Heiress."—Headline. No imagination. The head-line should have read: "A Count Marries Account."—*Norfolk Virginian-Pilot.*

A CANADIAN professor is lecturing on "The Childhood of American Business." Must write to him some time to see if he knows whatever became of it afterwards.—*Boston Herald.*

ONE of our economists tells us to forget the depression, which would be the easiest thing in the world if other people would get out of the habit of writing us letters the first of every month. —*Dayton News.*

WHAT the United States Treasury needs just now is not a Republican party or a Democratic party, but a rescue party.—*Louisville Courier-Journal.*

THE Socialist-Laborites have published a platform which promises to do practically everything except elect the man who runs on it.—*San Diego Union.*

MR. HOOVER says everybody ought to spend as much money as possible, but nobody seems inclined to take his advice except Congress.—*Nashville Southern Lumberman.*

THE LITERARY DIGEST'S poll shows that physicians favor repeal of the Prohibition Law. Maybe the drys think we need more dry doc's.—*Greensboro Herald-Journal.*

THE only difference we see between the Democratic and Republican parties is that there are more Democrats wanting to be President than Republicans.—*California Jewish Review.*

A WEATHER prophet predicts a long spell of dry, sunny weather this summer, but can not say for certain when it will begin. We can—the day we return to the office after our holidays.—*The Humorist.*

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FOREIGN COMMENT

Reform by Assassination in Japan

THE ASSASSINATION OF TSUYOSHI INUKAI, Japan's seventy-seven-year-old Premier, on May 15, adds one more to the list of political murders, done in the name of reform, which have brought the Island Empire to the verge of a reign of terror.

A group of young Japanese Army and Navy officers fought their way into the official residence of Premier Inukai, seized him, and disregarding his appeals, shot him twice in the head. He died six hours later.

Eighteen of the twenty-five officers involved in the attack surrendered voluntarily to the police.

Policemen and guards at the Premier's home attempted to halt the intruders, but the men drew pistols, thrust the guards aside and entered the building.

The assassins, according to a report from Mr. Edwin L. Neville, the American Chargé d'Affaires at Tokyo, claimed to be members of the Young Officers Association which is opposed to weakness and corruption in government and to capitalism. A paraphrase of the Neville report was given to the press by the State Department at Washington, and in it we read:

"Younger officers in Japan, particularly of the Army, have prest for vigorous action toward China ever since the Manchurian venture was initiated last September, and are understood to have been incensed because the Seiyukai Government, headed by Premier Inukai, consented to the evacuation of Shanghai."

Japanese editors lay the Inukai murder to the "Blood Brotherhood League," which they accuse of instigating the killing of Mr. Junnosuke Inouye and Baron Takuma Dan earlier in the year. Shortly after the death of the two latter, the Tokyo *Yomiuri* revealed that the Blood Brotherhood League had been discovered to be an unexpectedly deep-rooted organization, and it pointed out at the time that:

"Nearly ten prominent persons in the government service and private circles were on the list of assassination. The organization of such a strong assassination body has not been found in Japan since the Meiji Restoration. Rampant direct action is a shame for any civilized country and every possible effort should be made to exterminate such agents."

THE assassination of Premier Inukai, say Tokyo Associated Press dispatches, is linked by the police with the magnetic personality of an imprisoned Buddhist priest and a former schoolmaster expounder of his "Blood Brotherhood" doctrines. We read:

"The police disclosed that the men arrested as the perpetrators of Sunday's shootings and bombings were connected with the 'Blood Brotherhood,' to which also belonged the slayers of Baron Takuma Dan, banker, and Junnosuke Inouye, former Finance Minister, earlier in the year.

"The priest, Nissho Inouye, described as an ultrapatriotic fanatic, exerted great influence on impressionable youths. He has sought to revive the traditional spirit of old Japan, exemplified by the famous forty-seven 'Ronin' (outcast Samurai, or feudal retainers), who killed the man who caused their lord's death, and afterward committed suicide by hara-kiri. Their storied action was regarded as the highest type of loyalty and self-sacrifice.

"The chief instigators of the recent outrages apparently were of the extreme 'Ronin' type, who are imbued with disgust over what they believe to be wide-spread corruption and scandal in public life, growing out of a materialistic civilization that tends to make the pursuit of pleasure, wealth, and self-interest the principal aim in life.

"The persons who attacked Tokyo's transformer stations, threatening the city's power and light supply, are described as disciples of Kosaburo Tachibana, a farmer of Ibaraki Prefecture, who conducts a private school, at which he expounds doctrines of the monk Inouye, as well as the principles of collective farming and distribution of land among the tillers of the soil. Tachibana, described as having a small but devoted following, is believed by police to have escaped to Manchuria."

International

The Assassinated Japanese Premier, His Wife and Grandchildren

Premier Inukai's distinguished name is added to the list of Japan's recent political martyrs.

AN illuminating statement of conditions in Japan is given to the New York press by Dr. Inazo Nitobe, noted Japanese liberal visiting New York City. As quoted in the New York *Herald Tribune*, he says of the assassination of Premier Inukai:

"It is all the work of impatient youth, but even so, it does not indicate bedrock. A great many people in Japan are dissatisfied with the corrupt way the two controlling parties have been running the government.

"We are faced with grave problems which we must solve. However, there can be no radical solution. In this instance, I do hope that the constabulary and the judges will remain true. Whatever else may be said about our government, it must be said that our judges still are good men. Not all of them are brilliant, but they are honest. Much will depend on them in the near future."

As to the so-called Fascist group in Japan, Dr. Nitobe is quoted as having declared:

"Even if they do succeed, they can not remain long in power. Fascism can not be Japan's salvation. The majority of the

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people, while they are dissatisfied with present conditions, do not sympathize with the theory of a Fascist government.

"For one thing, there is no Mussolini in Japan, and I doubt whether any Fascist government could work without a Mussolini. If they got control of the government, they would have to put some puppet in control. The man they have been talking about—I shall not give his name—is a quiet, retired gentleman, who is not interested in politics. He is a man who has rendered a great service in his time to his country."

THIS unofficial Japanese spokesman is reported as saying further that "there is a great deal of vote buying, a great deal of candidate buying, going on in the present party system in Japan." Also, he alleges a great amount of inefficiency in the running of the government and that "an extended spoils system has come into operation." So he thinks:

"It is no wonder that young men with any idealism at all should become disgusted with present-day politics in Japan. Nearly every one in the country has reached the conclusion that something drastic must be done to rid the nation of political corruption. The so-called Fascist party arose from that idea, and this dissatisfaction explains why there is so much violent dislike for the heads of the parties and for the financial helpers behind the parties."

MEANWHILE, leaders of the Army gave notice that they would refuse to support any new Japanese Cabinet based on political parties. Their insistence is that a "national" Cabinet be formed. According to Tokyo Associated Press dispatches, the action of the Army was taken to mean that plans for the formation of a Cabinet by Kisaburo Suzuki, Home Minister and new President of the Seiyukai, or Government party, would have to be given up. What the Japanese press think of the political situation following the assassination of Premier Inukai is shown in editorials cabled to THE LITERARY DIGEST. An Independent-Conservative newspaper, the Tokyo *Jiji*, observes:

"It is a fact that popular opinion against the creation of any party government is gaining ground. We deplore the degeneration of parties which caused such a movement, rather than the movement itself.

"The parties should hold themselves responsible for the social unrest which culminated in Sunday's fatal events. Unless they face the situation resolutely they will destroy party government with their own hands.

"The public demands a Ministry competent to remove our economic anxieties."

But it is the opinion of another independent daily, the Tokyo *Miyako*, that:

"The Seiyukai should be given another chance to form a government because of its majority in Parliament. After forming a government it must eliminate completely the evils attendant upon party government.

"We hope that the military will continue to show the same fairness and open-mindedness as it did when it published the facts of military participation in Sunday's outrages, and also will make a more positive effort for strict military discipline."

THE Tokyo *Asahi*, sister paper of the Osaka *Mainichi*, thinks democracy in Japan apparently is making its last stand, for it asserts:

"The uneasiness of society, the unpopularity of political parties, and the serious crisis confronting the Empire, seem to be encouraging the advocates of a super-party government.

"We have no objection to this method of utilizing the ablest men wherever they may be found, but we do oppose the discarding of established principles and practises of forty years' standing.

"The greater the crisis the more imperative it is to uphold the constitutional system of State administration based upon the will of the people. If this fundamental rule is ignored and new ministries are formed through the personal recommendations of individuals, the result certainly will be complete ruination of our administrative system because of the increased activities of schemers and wire-pullers.

"This is the last opportunity of political parties to fight for party government on the altar upon which Inukai gave his life."

Russia's Apartment Infernos

WHAT SOVIET NEWSPAPERS CALL the "famine of living-space" is a grave problem in Moscow and other largely populated cities of the Soviet Union. Since the revolution, it appears, only a limited number of new apartment-houses have been built, because the Five-Year plan provides chiefly for the erection of factories. So the rapidly growing population of Russian cities, we are told, must accommodate itself as well as possible in old dwelling-houses that have been allowed to drift into disrepair.

Of course, it is well known that in new industrial centers, the Soviet Government particularly prides itself on modern apartments, designed for the workers. But in Moscow, especially, there seem to be many out-of-date tenements, and that is why *Krokodil* (*The Crocodile*), a humorous weekly, published in that city by the Central Committee of the Communist party, devotes a special number to the comedy and tragedy of life in a "communal flat." B. Samsonov, a Soviet journalist, writes:

"The dwelling quarters of a Moscow citizen are an impregnable fortress, protected from the rest of the world by quite a few lines of fortifications.

"The first line of fortifications is the staircase. It is so incredibly dirty as to be really inaccessible. It is covered with a treacherous layer of slippery mud. Moreover, he who tries to ascend the staircase runs a serious risk of being asphyxiated, for hundreds of cats dwell here. Besides it is plunged in impenetrable darkness.

"The second line of fortifications is formed by the door leading into the apartment which you desire to visit. It is hung with tatters of felt and leather. In former days front doors of apartments were covered with felt and leather to keep the cold out.

"And now as you strike a match you see on the hangings such drawings and inscriptions in chalk that you stagger back shocked and abashed.

"Finally the system of knocks recorded on a piece of paper pinned to this door—so many knocks for Mr. So-and-So; so many knocks for Miss So-and-So, and others—is so complicated that you do not know what to do.

"Then after you have entered the apartment you have to surmount the third and the most serious line of fortifications. It is the common corridor. To pass through it without breaking a leg is a well-nigh impossible problem.

"The walls are barricaded almost up to the ceiling by all sorts of rubbish, broken cupboards, remnants of sewing-machines, a bicycle, chairs, and all other imaginable things. The smells and the darkness enveloping this barricade are even thicker than those which you had to overcome on the staircase.

"On both sides of the corridor are 'machine-gun nests.' These are the doors leading into the rooms occupied by individual families, for a family has seldom more than one room."

FROM these holes of theirs, this contributor to *Krokodil* relates, the citizens emerge into the common corridor to quarrel and fight with one another. They are constantly fighting, he avers, over various matters, particularly about the telephone, the electric meter, and other communal accommodations. But the great battle-field of the apartment is the common kitchen, and this informant continues:

"There the women dwelling in the apartment often end the day not only by shouting, but even by throwing their burning oil-stoves at one another. The fellow tenants often use also a subtler method for worrying the life out of one another. For instance, a good, powerful radio loud-speaker of Citizeness 'A' can drive Citizen 'B' to madness not less efficiently than bombardment from a heavy cannon."

One reason, it appears, for the broils among the tenants is that there is such a miscellany of people thrown together under one roof. We are told that side by side live such an assortment as a former manufacturer, a physician, a day laborer, and a minor Soviet official. The most dissimilar of types are thrown together, it is said, people representative of all classes in Russia, including the old Russia and the new.

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Britain's Highway Death-Toll

DURING THE THREE YEARS of the South African War, Britain lost 5,800 killed and 22,800 wounded.

Last year on her public highways she lost 6,700 killed and 202,000 wounded.

This comparison is used by British editors to show the terrible price being paid in life and limb and human suffering for the unquestioned benefits of rapid communication.

The toll of killed and injured on the roads now, notes the London *Morning Post*, is twice as great as in 1924, and five times as great as in 1911. Tho it is perhaps too early to judge how far the Road Traffic Act is likely to avail in abating this evil, this newspaper believes that the first year's results of its operation are not encouraging.

A fall of about 10 per cent. last year in the number killed was offset by a corresponding increase in the number of injured, and *The Morning Post* continues:

"The most remarkable thing about these appalling figures is the comparative tolerance with which they are accepted. The reason, no doubt, is that a road accident is usually an unspectacular event, of which little or nothing is heard outside the immediate locality.

"If a railway accident occurred which caused death to eighteen persons and injury to 553 others, the account of it would occupy columns in the newspapers for several days on end.

"Yet eighteen persons are killed and 553 injured on our roads every day in the year almost without notice, until the collation of the annual figures causes a transient shock, all too soon forgotten.

"It is inconceivable that it should be beyond the wit of man to mitigate this outrageous blot on our latter-day civilization. There can be little doubt but that the administration of the law respecting negligence should be tightened up, and the law itself strengthened against negligence, whether on the part of motorist or of pedestrian."

THE return of accidents in the London Metropolitan Police area for the first three months of the year, as *The Daily Telegraph* points out, shows an increase in the numbers of both killed and injured. Of 314 people killed, 224 were pedestrians, and this newspaper thinks it probable that outside of London the proportion of motorists who come to grief is higher.

The present rate of slaughter—eighteen killed and 553 injured every day—is intolerable, says the London *Daily Mail*, which adds that the steady increase in such casualties is traceable chiefly to the recklessness of the "road hog." Fortunately, he is in a tiny minority, but this journal suggests:

"Two measures would do much to curb his menace. The first is to render criminal and liable to severe punishment the act of driving on without stopping when a person has been knocked down.

"No fewer than 590 people were convicted of that peculiarly heinous offense last year, yet in only too many cases they escaped with a fine, or without any punishment at all.

"A second measure of protection to the public is to provide that when any person lawfully using the road has been knocked down, he or her heirs shall (without proof being required of negligence on the part of the driver) be entitled to compensation, unless he has caused the accident by his own misconduct.

"No doubt there are reckless walkers as well as reckless drivers. But the reckless walker, in the present state of our roads, is likely to be speedily visited with death or grave injury as the penalty of his misconduct.

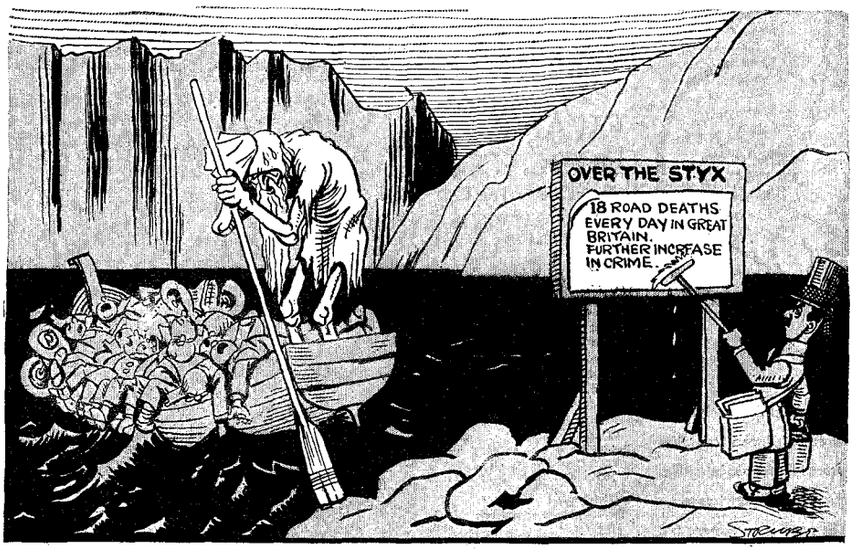
"The reckless driver, on the other hand, kills others, and usually himself escapes unscathed."

Hitler Blamed for Danzig's Scare

THE PANIC OVER AN EXPECTED POLISH ATTACK on Danzig was nothing but a stage thunder-storm, say the Polish press.

The black thunder-cloud was a smoke-screen thrown out by the Hitlerites to mask their own schemes, we are assured.

No Polish raid was planned, we are told, but the real danger lies in the armed Hitler forces that pervade the city, and "the unmasking of Hitler's plans in Danzig was brought about by the watchfulness of the Polish and French press." This charge is made in an editorial cabled to THE LITERARY DIGEST from the Krakow *Ilustrowany Kuryer*. Also it is voiced in unison by the Polish press over the report, recorded in THE LITERARY DIGEST for May 14, that a Polish putsch or raid was planned for May 1, to seize Danzig, established as a Free City by the Treaty of Versailles, and proclaimed in 1920 under the protection of the League of Nations.



Charon: "Dear, dear, I hadn't reckoned on the advance of civilization when I took this job!"
—The "Daily Express" (London).

German press editorials cited in that issue of THE LITERARY DIGEST claimed that only timely intervention of London and Paris prevented "a Polish adventure at Danzig."

Simultaneously we quoted the official statement of the Polish Government that the putsch report was "entirely fantastic."

Further cables to THE LITERARY DIGEST from the Polish press show the Polish conviction that since the dissolution of the Hitler military organizations in Germany, Danzig has come to be regarded as a refuge where their activities can be continued without fear of reprisals or disturbance.

THE Krakow *Ilustrowany Kuryer*, above-mentioned, has printed pictures of alleged storm troop, hand-grenade, and rifle practise in Danzig with the comment: "How long is the League of Nations going to tolerate this?"

In proof that Danzig has become Hitler's headquarters, the Polish Press Information Service, New York, issues a bulletin in which we read:

"During the last few months no less than 3,000 Hitlerite meetings took place in Danzig.

"Quite recently Herr Hitler himself paid a visit of inspection to the Free City. The Danzig organization is composed of seventy district groups and storm detachments fully armed and trained under military discipline.

"These figures were announced in official communiqué of the Hitler press, which has also stated that the fate of the Danzig Senate depends entirely on the will and whim of the organization."

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The Struggle for a United India

BRITAIN'S AIM TO CREATE a United India within the British Empire is still pursued despite enormous obstacles.

Every advance on the rocky road, such as the recent agreement of the Indian Princes to federate their States with the Provinces of British India, is hailed with satisfaction.

Every recurrence of trouble between Hindu and Moslem in the vast subcontinent that has been called "a great ethnographical museum," is met with British doggedness to "carry on."

John Bull as a Snake Charmer

—De Groene Amsterdammer.

Hindu and Moslem mobs, according to Bombay Associated Press dispatches, were quieted the night of May 17, by the rifle fire of British troops after four days of rioting that took a toll of eighty-eight lives and wounded at least 850 persons.

The police were powerless before the wrath of the mobs, and that is why a hurry call was sent to Poona for troops. Many of the police officers are said to have been on the verge of collapse after three days of almost ceaseless duty. But meanwhile, we are informed, the strife between the two sects had spread to Calcutta, where police were forced to fire upon a mob. The trouble in the latter city, it appears, began when Hindus stoned a Moslem religious procession. The Moslems retaliated. Bombay Associated Press dispatches relate further:

"The Royal Irish Fusiliers fired to-night on a mob of Moslems in Bombay who were looting and burning shops in the Bhendy bazaar, the center of the riots.

"All was quiet afterward for the first time since Saturday, when a Moslem group first attacked Hindu youths, altho the rioting had forced the closing of mills, throwing 40,000 men and women out of work.

"The troops late to-night moved quietly and efficiently through the disturbed areas, restoring confidence."

ON the Hindu-Moslem problem, says the Manchester *Guardian*, "every Imperial heart" will place the chief blame for the deplorably slow progress in working out the details for a self-governing All-India Federation. This newspaper tells us also that the possibility of Indian Nationalist aspirations being realized has intensified rather than eased communal feeling.

Where the leaders of the Hindu majority have blandly demanded undiluted democracy, *The Guardian* points out, Moslem leaders have refused even to discuss the details of a Federal Constitution until satisfied that it will include their full claims in the way of minority safeguards.

But if the Hindu-Moslem problem has been the main obstacle in the way of drawing up a Federal Constitution, this famous Liberal Manchester daily goes on to say, the attitude of the Princes toward federation has been a good second.

Yet now that obstacle has been removed, according to Delhi press cables, with the adoption of a resolution by the Chamber of Princes, the essential clause of which runs as follows:

"This Chamber declares that the Indian States will join an All-India Federation on the assumption that the Crown will accept the responsibility of guaranteeing to them the necessary safeguards."

THREE short clauses set out the conditions more fully. The Delhi correspondent of the London *Times* summarizes them:

"1. That the safeguards are embodied as part of the new Constitution:

"2. That all treaties, *sanads*, and other obligations remain inviolate and inviolable;

"3. That the rights of internal sovereignty are untouched, and that the obligations of the Crown to the States remain unaltered."

Among the Indian press, the Calcutta *Statesman* has this to say of the Princes' agreement to federation:

"How to become part of a whole and at the same time to remain a complete independent whole is a problem too hard of solution for the Princes' advisers. A federal union is an agreement of give and take. This can not be avoided by any ingenuity. That is what the Princes now realize with apparently some trepidation.

"Lord Willingdon calmed some of their fears. Encouraged by the Viceroy's words, and being humanly uncomfortable at sitting down and doing nothing, they have decided to join the federation on terms.

"The terms are at first glance highly protective, nor do we expect to feel persuaded to modify this first opinion on further study.

"The Federal Constitution is to include all necessary safeguards of the Princes' position.

"All rights flowing from treaty are to remain inviolate.

"The sovereignty and internal independence of the (Princes') States are to remain intact and be fully respected.

"So long as the Princes may keep without diminution or criticism all they have secured, they will make no difficulty about helping the Central Government to handle the affairs of the rest of India."

INDIAN writers who do not owe allegiance to the Princes—and even some who are actually the subjects of one or another Prince—are more caustic in their remarks in regard to the terms on which the Princes have indicated their willingness to enter a Federation of All India. The editor of the Delhi *Hindustan Times*, a Nationalist daily, remarks, for instance:

"The resolution passed by the Princes' Chamber tells us what the Princes would like to have, but is entirely uncommunicative as to what British India might like to have as well.

"The only possible interpretation that the people of British India will put on the federation plan which the Princes now have in mind, is that it is an impossible proposition.

"The four-fifths of the Indian population are asked to guarantee almost virtual independence to the other one-fifth, in a constitution that is meant to be a political unification of the whole of India on a Federal basis.

"The attitude that the Princes must remain absolute and undisputed autocrats in their territories runs counter to the basic principles of any democratic Federal government."

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Up-to-the-Minute Mural Art

THE POST-WAR WORLD IS MORE ASKEW than ordinarily supposed, if the younger mural painters are to be taken as its judges.

They are having their fling in the Museum of Modern Art, just opened at its new house at 11 West Fifty-third Street, and are being soundly trounced by the critics.

Some allowance may be made from the fact that instead of choosing for themselves, a subject was given them to exploit—some aspect of "The Post-War World." Whereupon we see sky-scrapers, airplanes, street gatherings, and mechanical contrivances dancing in strange medley.

One mural called "Manhattan Merry-Go-Round" shows a circular procession of wrestlers, New Yorkers, chorus girls, gangsters, etc., led by a jazz band; another exploits "The Passion of Sacco and Vanzetti." There is the "Vision of a Militaristic State," showing unreal figures riding guns as hobby-horses, and there are cowboys and frenzied cattle symbolizing "The Persistence of the West."

The novelty presented is the use of photography as a medium for mural decoration. We see on the walls huge enlargements, "made possible only recently by the perfecting of a sensitized paper in large sheets." Julien Levy, who signs the section of the catalog describing them, tells some of its perils:

"A good photo-mural is not merely the mechanical enlargement of a small photograph. The enlarged mural is a new and independent production, and the photographer who does not visualize in advance the final scale of his picture will usually be surprized and dismayed by the results.

"Not only must all the precepts of the mural painter be kept well in mind, but additional and unsuspected difficulties arise. For the original photograph may completely lose its identity when enlarged, the essential forms becoming almost unrecognizable when dissipated over a greater area.

"Conversely an unimportant shape in the small photograph may gain impressive dramatic force by progressive exaggeration. It is difficult to stretch a single, simple photograph over a large space and maintain interest, but it is dangerous to enlarge a complicated negative, as the photographer has little control over the minor bits in his picture, and just as the peculiar virtues of a photograph are dramatized by enlargement, so are any faults equally exaggerated."

THE results do not appeal to Royal Cortissoz of the New York *Herald Tribune:*

"Mr. Julien Levy gravely informs us that 'the photographer is particularly well equipped to meet the problems of mural decoration as posed by the modern architect and builder.'

"No doubt, for, as recent developments have clearly shown, there are some architects and builders who are, like Voltaire's *Halpbakkuk*, capable of anything.

"But it would be interesting to know what on earth these Brobdingnagian photographs have to do with art, and with an art museum.

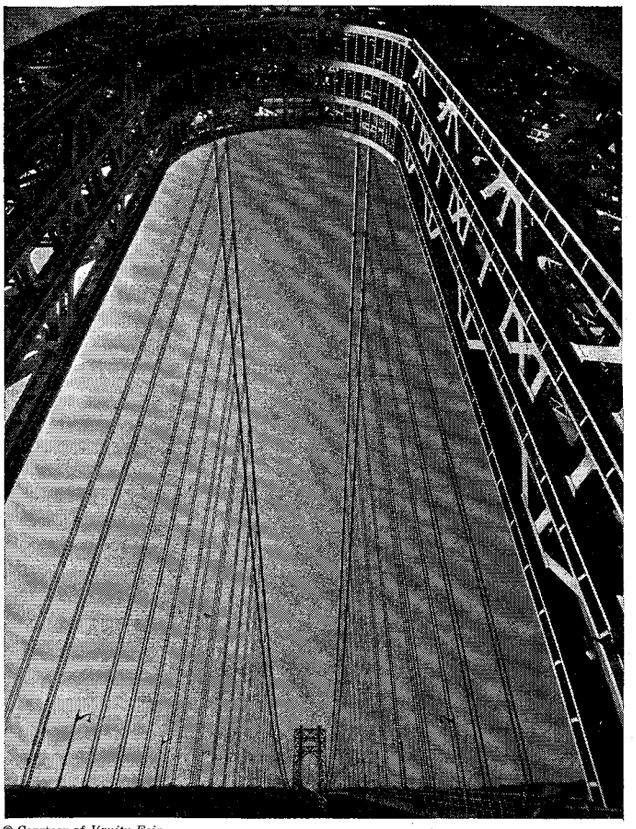
"It is, perhaps, momentarily startling and amusing to look at Edward Steichen's view of the George Washington Bridge, a print eight feet wide and nearly ten feet high. But that it has any significance as a mural decoration, as a work of art, it is not even remotely perceptible.

"Precisely the same comment is invited by the 'Skyscrapers' of Thurman Rotan, the 'Steel' of William M. Kittase, the synthetic 'American Landscape' of George Platt Lynes, the 'New York' of Berenice Abbott, and the 'Steel Plant' of Luke H. Swank.

"They have, we suppose, a measure of interest for those who are concerned with photography. It may divert the followers of that mechanical process to see the portrait of a young woman overlaid, as by a veil, with fragments of newsprint. But there can be no valid reason for dragging such performances into an art museum."

Apart from a few exceptions, Mr. Cortissoz thinks the painters, accustomed to producing easel pictures, are here shown "moving about in worlds not realized":

"The subject was to be chosen from 'The Post-War World.' There can be no question as to what the settlement of the subject-matter meant to the artists involved. They went politically 'haywire,' or they looked at sky-scrapers and flying-machines, or they watched the building trades in operation, or they glanced



© Courtesy of *Vanity Fair*

George Washington Bridge

A decorative photo-mural, nine feet, ten inches high by eight feet wide; by Edward Steichen.

at the boxing ring. Anything, they seem to have said to themselves, to be 'up to the minute.' Well, what of it? We have no quarrel with the subjects, as subjects, here presented, tho most of them, to tell the truth, are in the nature of 'glimpses of the obvious.' But what seriously disappoints us is the raucous crudity of practically the whole lot of stuff, the absence of artistic quality and, above all, the irrelevance of these paintings as mural decorations."

MOST of the exhibitors are young. Twelve were born since 1900, sixteen in the decade preceding, and seven before 1890. Edward Alden Jewell of the New York *Times* dwells on the aspect of the Modern Museum as a laboratory of experiment.

"Yet, ere going into any analysis of our keen present disappointment, it will be well again to pause long enough to acknowledge the very real service performed by the Museum of Modern Art in providing, if not a true survey of the field, at any rate a laboratory for experiment.

"A great many of the artists included in this show—most of them, probably—have had little or no actual experience in the realm of murals. They may develop into excellent mural artists, but practise and encouragement are essential, and both these

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factors are here brought into play. It but remains for the artists thus favored to turn their lessons to significant account.

"Among the artists how many are there who can paint well enough to merit wall surfaces outside the laboratory? Mighty few.

"Some one remarked, just after the opening, that it looked as if the Independents had moved in. It really did—and not the best of the Independents at that.

"There is some shocking work in this show; hasty work; feeble and amateurish work; shallow bravado. And there are, besides, violations of even the most catholic conceptions of good taste. The 'class-struggle' orgies may be dismissed as harmless trifles—not because of their theme but because of the childish or generally uninspired way in which they are handled. But a painting that merely nauseates deserves sharper rebuke.

"One is unwilling to end this instalment of comment on a vital theme without a reiterated word of praise for the artists who here demonstrate either positive mural accomplishment or the possession of unmistakable gifts in that direction.

"Reginald Marsh, George Biddle, James E. Davis, Thomas La Farge, Kimon Nicolaides, Yun Gee, Henry Varnum Poor, Edward Biberman, and Philip Evergood have already been suggested as candidates.

"To the list Maurice Sterne, despite his poor color, and Ernest Fiene, so far as his large panel is concerned, should be added.

"The artists here named achieve in varying degree, exposing weakness as well as strength; but all of them have, from one standpoint or another, painted murals that command respect or deserve study."

Courtesy of Museum of Modern Art

Abstract Vision of New York

Buildings, a derby hat, a tiger's head and other symbols—a mural painting by Stuart Davis.

"The Museum of Modern Art 'believeth all things, hopeth all things, endureth all things.'"

One would not suspect a veiled irony in these words, addrest by William Sloane Coffin, president of the Metropolitan Museum of Art, to Alfred A. Barr, Jr., director of the younger institution, on the occasion of the installation of the museum in its new home.

Mr. Coffin congratulated the officers of the new museum on "the breadth of view shown in the opening exhibition," and when one looks at the critical reviews of the new show one can not escape a further stroke of the ironic note. He also said:

"'The frontier has no past, only a future.' The frontier of art has no established tradition, no fixt judgment. For this reason the trustees of an older institution often hesitate and are timid in giving their stamp of approval to the experiments of the present. You are handicapped by no such inhibitions."

The Cover

THE cover is appropriate for the season; no one needs to be told the symbolism of the poppy that the war implanted in us.

The artist, Rudolph Novelli, was born in Italy in 1879 and came to America at the age of twelve. He has studied here practically ever since, first under Clinton Peters and Simon Hayman Vedder at the Albine School in New York City.

His paintings have been exhibited in various cities in well-known galleries. In New York he has been seen at the National Academy and the Water Color Society; in Philadelphia at the Pennsylvania Academy.

Our Screen Fight With Russia

INEVITABLY THE SCREEN becomes more and more a theater of war between Russia and America.

One need but visit a moving-picture resort in Berlin or Leipzig to obtain proof of the growing feud.

A war here is intensifying between the fanatical Slav and the practical Yankee, with the German as umpire.

Nothing could be more detached than the tone of Hermann Sinsheimer as he notes these things in the *Berliner Tageblatt:*

"The development of the art of the moving picture has so far been impeded by this clash between things Russian and things American.

"The form of all screen artistry will continue to be influenced thus conspicuously, in one aspect of it, by an America saturated with the standards of western civilization and a Russia but lately charged with forces and ideas of the cultural and sociological sorts.

"The American moving and talking picture tells a story. This is its point of view and its aspiration. It tells a tale of what was and of what is.

"The Russian talkie and movie takes for its point of departure what ought to be and what will be.

"The American 'talkie' is essentially a picture. The Russian 'talkie' is in reality a placard.

"The American screen picture is a romance. The Russian screen picture is a hymn, a song.

"The American movie-play revels in what is. The Russian screen play loves what is to be.

"The American 'talkie' is based upon the belief that its world is the best possible. The Russian screen play aims at the reformation of the world in accordance with its own ideals.

"From America comes warmth.

"From Russia comes light."

GERMAN screen art is thus placed between two influences, American warmth and Russian light. The German accordingly interests himself in both.

But it could hardly be expected that the German would surrender to either.

American screen art has long seemed simple to the sophisticated European, tho its mechanical superiority has carried it with the crowd.

Russian idealism also has its elements of distaste for the sober rational German. The problematical, in the end, holds the German, as the writer takes pains to insist:

"The German lacks the capacity to remain so artless and so simple in his enjoyment of dramatic art as is the American. Nor can the German attain such flights of enthusiasm for a dream world as the Russian does. Furthermore, the German has traditions which involve him more deeply in esthetic values than either the American or the Russian. Dramatic art has indeed its origin in the environment of the booth at a rural fair, but this circumstance—even if it be scarcely left behind—is already obsolete or forgotten by the German.

"Not so with the American or the Russian. The Americans and the Russians, in their respective fashions, stick to the country-bumpkin-fair sort of dramatic art to this very hour in their screen plays and 'talkies.'

"The Americans do this through the medium of the comic and the farcical and the mock heroic.

"The Russians do it through the medium of the genuinely heroic."

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Old, Forgotten, Far-Off Things

JOHN POWELL, THE PIANIST FROM VIRGINIA, once went to send a telegraph message, and had to put in such song titles as "Jenny Put the Kettle On," "Walking in the Parlor," "Old Gray Mule," and "Cluck, Old Hen." At the end he paused to compliment the operator who had taken it all down over the telephone without a slip. "That's very kind of you, Mr. Powell," he responded, "but I used to play the fiddle myself."

Folk-music has broken out in Virginia.

The State is fortunate in having an enthusiast like John Powell to give it a fillip.

A whole afternoon was devoted to the exploitation of folk-tunes at the Virginia State Choral Festival held in Richmond, last month, and the banjo, fiddle, guitar, and dulcimer were given their place along with piano and orchestra in the general scheme of entertainments.

Mr. Powell has done for the folk-music of his State what Cecil Sharp accomplished for English folk-songs, the latter rummaging among the back counties of England, as well as among the descendants of English settlers in the Appalachian Mountains, to collect almost forgotten tunes.

MR. POWELL'S progress was slow, at first, from the conviction held by so many that Americans were not a musical people. In *The Musical Courier* (New York) he gives a long account of his quest:

"Until the past year I have not realized how widely dispersed is the knowledge of the old music.

"Since it has become generally known that I am interested, and since an exposition of just what the old music is and means has got abroad through the State, I stumble upon it everywhere.

"Not long ago I took a manuscript to the drug store at the corner where there is a postal station. I asked the clerk to register the package. 'A new piece of work?' he inquired with such a friendly interest that I told him it was, and based on old Virginia tunes. He stood staring at me, motionless, for a moment and then, 'I'm certainly glad,' he said. 'I've been wondering why no composers use our fine old tunes. Over the radio I am always hearing orchestras play symphonies made on Russian folk-songs.'

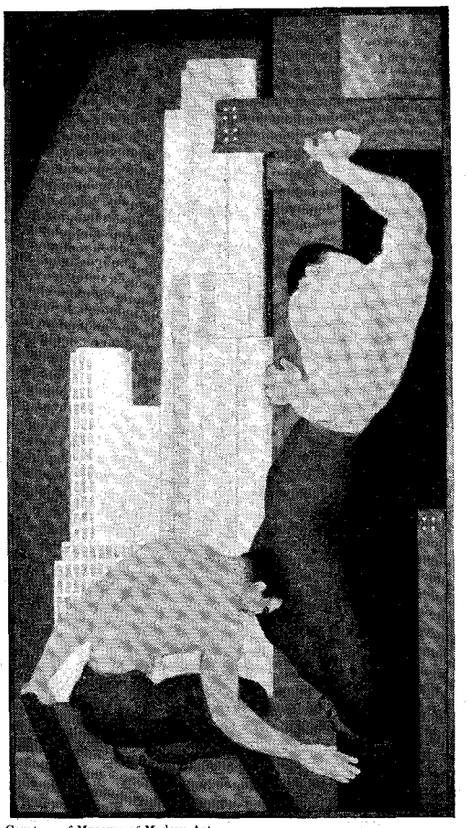
"Again, breakfasting in the garden, I was suddenly aware that near by some one was whistling 'Old John Hardy.' Leaving the coffee to get cold, I went in search of the folk-musician to discover a house-painter across the alley, who confessed that he knew many old tunes, and who cheerfully promised to come and make my heart glad with them one day after union hours.

"Moreover, this knowledge is not limited to any one class of society in Virginia. Our folk-musicians are by no means illiterate people. Some few, no doubt, are.

"Among simpler people there are many who still get out fiddles and banjos to enliven the evenings, and who have preserved the ballads.

"But one afternoon at a fashionable tea party, when the folk-music was under discussion, a friend whom the newspaper would be certain to call 'a young society matron' suddenly asked, 'Is this a folk-song?' and sang an exquisite typical tune which I had never heard before.

"When I asked her where she had picked it up, she smiled, 'I sing it to my children at bedtime,' she said. 'My mother used to sing it to me, and she learned it from her mother.'"



Courtesy of Museum of Modern Art

Sky-scraper in Building

A fine decorative treatment by Edward Biberman for mural painting.

Weep No More, Ladies

THERE ARE NO TEARS IN THE EYES of playgoers to-day.

"Drama's painted woes" are endured with dry eyes, reports Percy Hammond of the New York *Herald Tribune*, who used to find it customary for patrons "to signify with compassion's salty moisture their sympathy with the hapless persons on the stage."

Margaret Anglin, "who once specialized in miserable heroines, used to say that she circled the globe in a rivulet of brine." He mentions others; but "tho the actors pump ever so industriously, no fluid emerges." Well, what about it?

"One of the explanations why we no longer cry in the playhouse is that the sorrows therein paraded have diminished as our personal distresses have increased. We may have grown cold to tales of pretended afflictions in contemplation of the real agonies suffered by ourselves.

"As we watch Mr. Leslie Howard [in 'The Animal Kingdom'], for instance, undergoing the torments of a man worried by two pretty women, we keep our kerchiefs in our compacts and regard his plight as insignificant.

"Mr. Paul Muni's entanglement with a past in 'Counsellor-at-Law' seems as nothing to souls harassed by deeper trials; and the mishaps molesting the career of Miss Dorothy Hall in 'Child of Manhattan' are pigmy when compared with our own. Even Mr. Bert Lahr's pathetic dilemma in 'Hot-Cha' fails to harrow, because we are thinking of the Bourse, the maniacal struggles of the Senate and the House of Representatives, taxes, or the prohibition of strong drink.

"It is said, also, audiences of the present are largely 'bears,' since the bullish classes now seek diversion of a less costly nature.

"So, in the seats once occupied by trustful unsophisticates, there sit playgoers of an inclement and skeptical disposition, immune from the melting moods. The joys of commiseration are foreign to their scheme of amusement, and they look upon the actors, floundering in their seas of trouble, with grim indifference. The saddest play in town, I suppose, is 'Another Language,' but the pitiable predicament of its heroine is observed exclusively by witnesses who are short on the sobs and damp lashes indicative of grief."

THIS is the play that has broken the spell of failures in this waning season, and won something like golden opinions from the critics:

"An endearing and artistic young woman, played by Miss Dorothy Stickney, is a patient vassal to the tyranny of her husband's folks, a family of mental flat feet.

"The most repugnant of the outfit is her husband himself (Mr. Glen Anders), an ill-bred, selfish, and brutal bounder, without a sincerely gracious atom in his ignoble make-up. He insults, abuses, and belittles her until it would seem that even the stony hearts would thaw in sympathy.

"To augment the unhappiness of her situation, Miss Franken, the author, permits the curtain to fall with the lady still in chains. By one of the more spurious expedients of the Drama the boor turns seraph suddenly at the end, and you are asked to believe that they are going to live thereafter in the bliss of a full understanding. But you know that she doesn't have a chance, for he is fundamentally and unchangeably a beast.

"Tho we no longer care what happens to the heroes and heroines, we can be interested in the keen character-drawing and fine comedy contained in such tragedies as 'Another Language.'"

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No Jim Crow Rule for the Methodists

THE COLOR LINE HAS MADE THINGS AWKWARD in the Methodist Episcopal Church, North, for some time, and the thirty-first General Quadrennial Conference at Atlantic City has decided to wipe it out altogether.

Racial discrimination is to be tolerated no longer; the rule at the altar rail is to extend to hotels, elevators, and restaurants.

Hereafter the General Conference will blackball all cities where Jim Crow laws or customs prevail.

An Alabama Methodist says that the action at Atlantic City will impede union with the Methodist Church, South, now in process of informal negotiation; but a Virginia Methodist thinks it will raise no barrier against it.

Most of the Bishops and delegates, including Hindus, Japanese, and Chinese, stayed at a beach-front hotel during the conference at Atlantic City, we are told. But the two Negro Bishops and the Negro delegates were registered at a hotel on a side street, while some of the Oriental delegates, writes a staff correspondent of the New York *Times*, complained that they were segregated in the Boardwalk hotel.

The occasion was ripe for a show of hands on a question which long has agitated religious ranks, and Dr. Ernest F. Tittle of Evanston, Illinois, who has made a name for himself as a liberal, urged the Methodist Church to aline itself with the Federal Council of Churches and the Congregational Church, which have opposed racial discrimination against delegates to their conferences.

"I believe there are cities which would be glad to entertain us under these conditions," said Dr. Tittle, as the *Times* correspondent quotes him. "If there are not, it would be much better for us not to meet at all, and if we do not meet for this reason we will be doing the cause of racial equality more good by not meeting than we could by meeting."

Courtesy of *The Christian Advocate* (New York, N. Y.)

No Color Bar for Him

Dr. Ernest F. Tittle, whose resolution to blackball all cities practising racial segregation is adopted by the General Conference of the Methodist Episcopal Church at Atlantic City.

The resolution—adopted in spite of warnings that it might end all hope of eventual reunion with the Methodist Episcopal Church, South—is as follows:

"Be it provided that no Conference shall hereafter meet except in cities where there is no segregation of special racial groups, no discrimination in hotels, elevators, and restaurants, and where there have been specific instructions given to all hotel employees to treat the representatives of every race with equality and courtesy."

Two days later Bishop Arthur J. Moore of San Francisco, who hails originally from Atlanta, Georgia, stept on the ecclesiastical Mason and Dixon line, and, as far as he was concerned, obliterated it. Bishop Moore is general superintendent of Southern Methodists on the Pacific coast. He pictured the old days when Methodism had no North or South, but made no reference to the Jim Crow custom.

"Speaking for myself, and representing what I believe to be the spirit of my Church," said the Bishop, as the *Times* correspondent quotes him, "let me hasten to assure you that our desire for union with you abides. We have a common Methodism. Ours is a common ancestry. We hold a common faith and live for a common purpose. Everything back of 1844 belongs to us alike. If we have done well apart," he went on, "we could have done better together. The extreme urgency of the present world situation summons us to a united front. Our divisions are more than unfortunate. They are wasteful of time, energy, and money."

It was a challenge, and THE DIGEST at once sounded other sentiment by telegraphing to Methodist editors on both sides of the line.

Southern Methodists, wires the Rev. Mr. M. E. Lazenby, editor of *The Alabama Christian Advocate* (Birmingham), "are divided in their opinion on Bishop Moore's words on Methodist reunion. Thousands agree with Bishop Moore and want union. Other thousands of our people believe that the two Churches can serve the kingdom of God more effectively if not united into one body." Mr. Lazenby says that the Northern resolution on racial equality "will retard unification," and that all the reaction he has heard since the resolution was passed is "against unification." He quotes a prominent member of the Southern Methodist Commission on Interdenominational Relations as writing him: "If papers correctly quote the radical resolutions on social and racial equality passed by the General Conference of the Methodist Episcopal Church, it means the end of unification. On this there can not be any difference of opinion in the South. And it can not afford to yield a single inch."

BUT the Rev. J. M. Rowland, editor of the Richmond (Va.) *Christian Advocate*, sees no barrier in the Northern General Conference's resolution against racial discrimination. "They were protecting their colored delegates and not rebuking the Southern Methodists," he telegraphs. "When union is undertaken this condition can be met and such other action taken that will meet existing conditions."

Bishop Moore's appeal "is in line with Methodist feeling throughout the United States," wires the Rev. Elam F. Dempsey, editor of the Atlanta *Wesleyan Christian Advocate*. "The majority of the American Methodists desire it. In every group, however, there is a compact minority strongly opposed to reunion." The raising of "the vexed and debatable question" of racial equality "will be regretted by multitudes of American Methodists, including many of the Northern Methodists themselves," says Mr. Dempsey. "But even so it will not arrest the tendency to some form of Methodist reunion," and "it seems nearer realization than ever before."

EQUALLY sanguine are some of the Northern Methodists. "Nothing has been said or done in this General Conference," telegraphs Dr. James R. Joy, editor of the New York *Christian Advocate*, from Atlantic City, "that can much longer keep apart these two immense bodies of Methodist people, who believe alike, feel alike, think alike on many subjects, and on at least one great moral and political issue vote alike."

"It is the prevailing opinion that the action presented by Dr. Tittle will not influence seriously the challenge of Methodist union made by Bishop Moore in his fraternal address," wires the Rev. Ernest C. Wareing, editor of the Cincinnati *Christian Advocate*. "No superiority in Christian virtue is claimed on either

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side in this proposal for union. No human element will impede the program in that direction when the forces of Methodism once begin to move toward that happy consummation."

Certainly, so far as the Northern Methodists are concerned, Jim Crow rule will not be recognized. If Negroes are barred then there will be no union. With some 300,000 Negro members, the Methodist Episcopal Church is in no position to propose any union which would segregate them without their consent, wires Dr. Dan B. Brummitt, editor of *The Northwestern Christian Advocate* (Chicago), "and even if some inducement could be held out to gain their consent, any form of segregation by whatever euphemistic name proposed would be a greater disservice to the white Methodists involved than to the Negroes thus set off from their present associations."

America's Westminster Abbey

GEORGE WASHINGTON'S DREAM of "a church for national purposes," an American Westminster Abbey in other words, is realized.

On Mount St. Alban, highest elevation in the Capital, the choir and sanctuary of the Washington Cathedral were formally opened to public worship on Ascension Day.

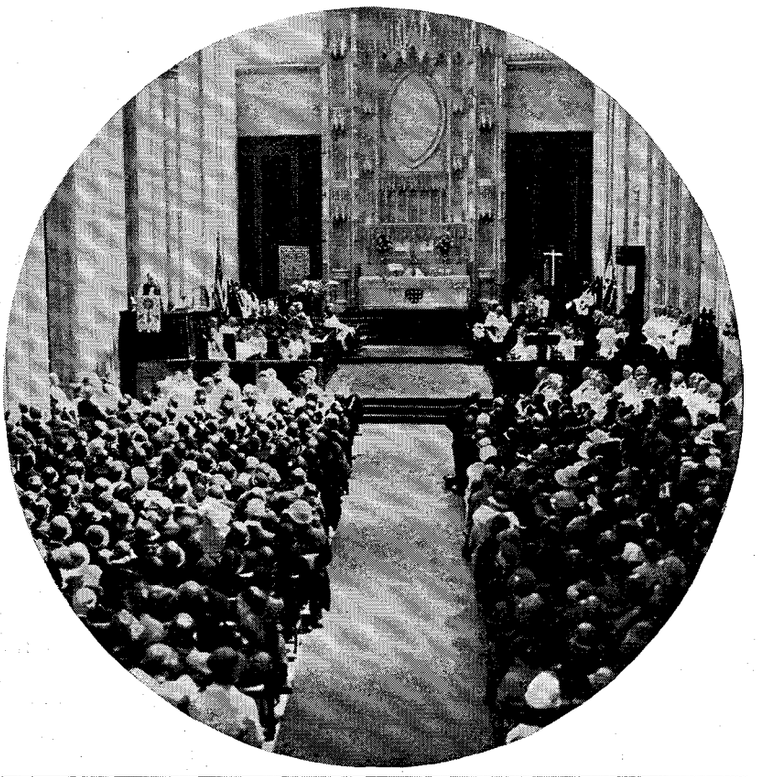
It was a historic occasion. In the congregation of nearly 2,000—all that could get in—sat the wives of three Presidents, Vice-President Curtis, and his sister, Mrs. Edward Everett Gann; representatives of the Government, Senators, and members of the House of Representatives, justices of the Supreme Court, and members of the Diplomatic Corps.

More than a thousand stood outside in the bright sunshine and listened to the music of the processional and the opening sermon, preached by Bishop James Edward Freeman, Bishop of Washington. The processional was led by a choir of forty boys, and in advance walked the crucifer bearing the great gold cross presented to the Cathedral by the Emperor of Abyssinia. Nine Bishops, more than a hundred Episcopal clergy, and a score of ministers of other denominations, among them a rabbi, followed.

The service—the celebration of the Holy Communion—took place in the sanctuary at the historic Jerusalem altar, built of stone from the quarry which supplied the material for Solomon's Temple. It was given to the Cathedral by all the dioceses of the Episcopal Church. Afterward visitors looked at the Glastonbury Thorn, grown from a cutting from the British thorn which is supposed to have stemmed from the staff of Joseph of Arimathea. Planted thirty years ago, the Washington thorn bloomed first in 1918, the first year of the Peace.

NEARLY twenty-five years ago, we read in the Washington *Post*, the foundation stone was laid with impressive rites in the presence of President Theodore Roosevelt and a vast assemblage of notables. President Hoover was to have attended this later service, but affairs of state prevented. However, Mrs. Hoover, who has taken a great interest in the Cathedral Church of Sts. Peter and Paul, the ecclesiastical name, represented the President, and near her sat two widows of Presidents, Mrs. William Howard Taft and Mrs. Woodrow Wilson, whose husband rests in Bethlehem Chapel, one of the three chapels of the great cathedral. Here, too, lie Admiral George Dewey, Bishop Henry Yates Satterlee, first Bishop of Washington; Henry Vaughan, architect of the Cathedral; Bishop Alfred Harding, and Melville E. Stone, whose monument is the Associated Press. In the slow course of time others of the nation's great will join them.

The key-note of Bishop Freeman's sermon, broadcast over a nation-wide network by the Columbia Broadcasting Company, was the hope that, as a house of prayer for the whole nation,



International

In the American "Westminster Abbey"

The choir and sanctuary of the Cathedral Church of Sts. Peter and Paul, in Washington, formally opened on Ascension Day in the presence of a notable assemblage. The Jerusalem altar, gift of all the dioceses, is made of stone from the quarry which supplied material for Solomon's Temple.

Washington Cathedral may prove a talisman in effecting the ultimate unity of Christian fellowship, promoting the cause of world peace and rehabilitating the nation from the present depression through a fresh affirmation of the elemental imperatives of religion.

"The building of the temple here at the Capital of our Republic, fulfilling as it does a high hope and expectation of George Washington," he said, "is a monumental work that at such a time as this must have a deep and far-reaching significance. It is the eloquent symbol of a nation's hope and aspirations, the visible witness to a faith that, in our better hours, is indispensable to our peace and security." It is, said Bishop William T. Manning of New York at the afternoon service, "a striking reply to those who imagine that God has been made obsolete by our microscopes, radios, and dynamos." We have this description of the site and structure:

"Mount St. Alban, the Cathedral site, is the most commanding elevation in the City of Washington, rising 400 feet above the Potomac River. The Cathedral now is visited by more than 250,000 pilgrims and worshipers annually.

"The choir and sanctuary are the first portion of the Cathedral proper to be completed. The architectural beauty and real grandeur of the Cathedral will be realized more completely than ever before by visitors when they enter the choir and sanctuary and observe its towering Gothic arches and lofty vaulted stone ceiling, ninety-five feet overhead.

"Built entirely of Indiana limestone, without any steel framework, this monumental structure is more like a medieval cathedral than any great church which has been undertaken in this

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country. Entering from the west end of the choir, one looks down a vista, 168 feet long, of beautiful high Gothic arches on each side and the vaulting of molded stone above, studded at harmonious intersections with exquisitely carved bosses, into the sanctuary where rests the Cathedral's great altar.

"Stained-glass windows of jewellike color and radiance on each side cast soft light on the interior and enhance the beauty and impressiveness of this first section of the Cathedral proper to be opened. Heretofore public worship and pilgrimages have been confined to the crypts.

"The choir is the portion where the congregations will be placed until the transepts are completed. It will accommodate approximately 1,500 persons seated, and several hundred more standing, a capacity much greater than heretofore afforded in the crypt chapels. It is the third major portion of the Cathedral to be completed structurally, the others being the apse or sanctuary and the crypts with foundations."

Keystone-Underwood

It Seems to Make Them Happy

Members of the house party of the First Christian Fellowship at Briarcliff Manor, New York. From left to right, they are Count John Bentinck, of Holland; Bill Gilliland, Pennsylvania; Mrs. H. Kenaston Twitchell, New York; Col. Hugh D. Belgrave (retired), England; Countess Albertina van Heeckeren van Kell, of Holland, and Dr. Frank N. D. Buchman, leader of the group.

A Spiritual House Party

"'TOOTS,' 'TOOTS,' 'TOOTS,'" came the words, with the staccato of a dispatcher's key.

"Toots" was the nickname of a happy-go-lucky student who drest up like a girl in the college dramatics, and drank heavily from the punch-bowl. Afterwards Dr. Frank N. D. Buchman met him, and "Toots's" life was changed for the better.

It was a message from God, as Dr. Buchman interpreted it, during a "quiet time," or "two-way prayer with God," and it started the movement which is now known as the Oxford Group, or the First Century Christian Fellowship, or, more commonly, Buchmanism, which is said to have converted thousands in all parts of the world.

That was more than twenty years ago, when Dr. Buchman was Y. M. C. A. secretary at the Pennsylvania State College. One of the converts is William Gilliland, eighty-two years old, who said at the recent house party of the movement at Briarcliff Manor, New York, we read in the New York *Times*, that he "once had supplied liquor to the students at the Pennsylvania State College," but had been "converted" by Dr. Buchman.

The house party was attended by 500 people, three or four persons being forced to sleep in a room, we read. Among them were Carl Vrooman, Assistant Secretary of Agriculture under President Wilson; Count John Bentinck, Baroness Albertina van Heeckeren van Kell, and Jonkheer Eric van Lennep, all of Holland; Col. H. D. Belgrave, D. S. O., and Mrs. Belgrave, of London; James Watts, a young red-haired Scot, former Communist, who organized the general strike in Scotland in 1925; Prof. Philip Marshall Brown, of Princeton; Sheppard Cornell, a Wall Street broker; H. Kenaston Twitchell, New York real-estate broker, and Mrs. Twitchell and others.

"Buchmanism," says the Rev. Samuel M. Shoemaker, Jr., rector of Calvary Episcopal Church, New York, leading exponent of Buchmanism in America, is intended "to recapture the spirit and power and joy of the early Church, the things that made it a charm over a world surprizingly like ours." It is not a new creed or cult, says Dr. Buchman, we read in *The Times*, but simply an attempt to get back to old truths of Christianity. It is a movement within the churches, supplementing organized worship by personal evangelism.

At the house parties, we read, the people sit around naturally and make friends normally. Following breakfast is a period known as the "quiet time," when the lines are kept open between the members and God. In the afternoon are talks by the experts, clergymen or laymen familiar with the methods of the group. As each one talks, some of the assembly feel that this is the one with whom he can discuss his difficulties, and later talks privately with the speaker.

The meetings, writes a staff correspondent of *The Herald Tribune*, are for the most part composed of short speeches, testimonials of the new power gained through the movement, or an explanation by various persons of guidance received from God which directed them to avoid a catastrophe or to do a kind deed. The fellowship would be impossible without a knowledge and experience of a personal God, and no symbolic interpretation of God merely as a formless power for good is sufficient. "We believe," says Dr. Buchman, "that God is our father. The Trinity is certainly a part of the fellowship's tenets, and a Unitarian would cease to be a Unitarian if he became identified with the group. Original sin is a necessary belief, otherwise the daily process of 'sharing' would be meaningless." This "sharing," he says, is akin to the Roman Catholic confessional in the sense that both are a part of historic Christianity. Absolution after the confession is a matter for local churches. All the followers of the movement say that it has changed their lives.

But, writes Carlotta Sommers in the New York *Daily Mirror*, some of Dr. Buchman's disciples "undoubtedly overdo his original conception of 'sin-sharing' and lend a more sensational aspect to the proceedings than he had intended. Revelations of sex experiences, drinking, and gambling were frequent in the sin-washing groups at the recent party."

Dr. Buchman, the *Herald Tribune* correspondent tells us, is a bespectacled man of average size, inclined slightly to corpulence, and has a receding forehead. His striking features are a peaked nose and quick flashing eyes. Altho he confesses to a lack of memory for dates, he can recite the ingredients of a thirty-five course Chinese feast, and tell the exact number and names of a group who went several years ago on an evangelical mission to South Africa. The movement he began now has a branch on every continent, and is said to number hundreds of thousands of followers—all won by personal evangelism.

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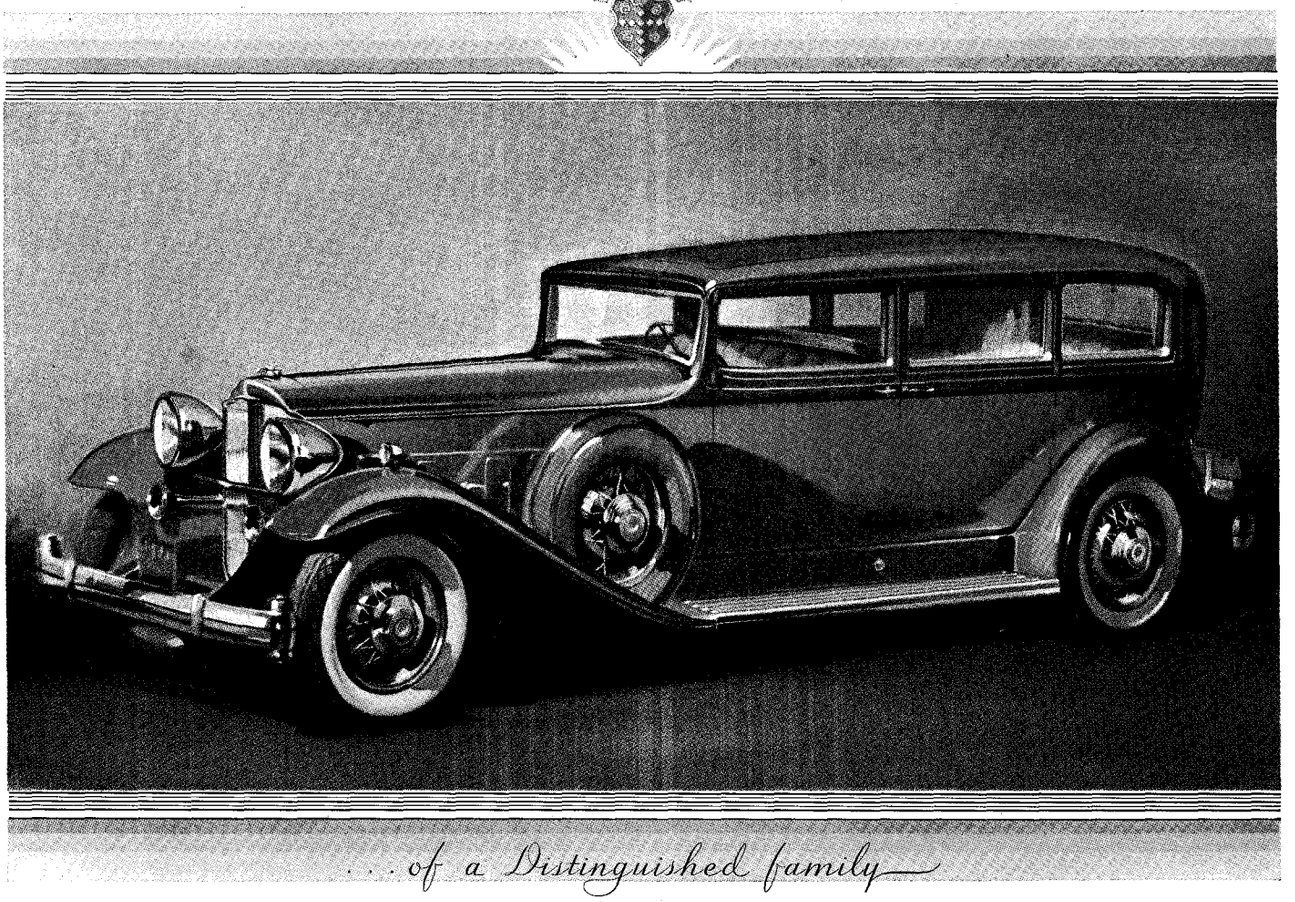

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THE Packard Twin Six is a familiar name wherever men drive motor cars—a name that has taken its place in our very language. ¶ The Packard Twin Six of before the war made motor car history. The world-renowned war-time Liberty motor added to the fame of Packard Twin Six engines both abroad and at home—a fame since enhanced by the development of Twin Six marine engines for the world's fastest racing craft and the Packard Twin

Six "2500," the most powerful airplane engine built in America today. ¶ And now a superb Packard Twin Six motor car takes to the highway again—a car of beauty, a car of supreme luxury, a car of matchless power, a car that revives the famous title of the first Twin Six—"Boss of the Road." ¶ Today's Twin Six Packard is the climax of sixteen years of continuous experience with twelve-cylinder engine designs—an experience of twice that period in the building of fine and distinguished cars. There is literally nothing by which to judge it, for it is so advanced, so modern that it defies comparison with multi-cylinder cars of conventional type. See and drive this great, new Super-Packard.

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ASK THE MAN WHO OWNS ONE

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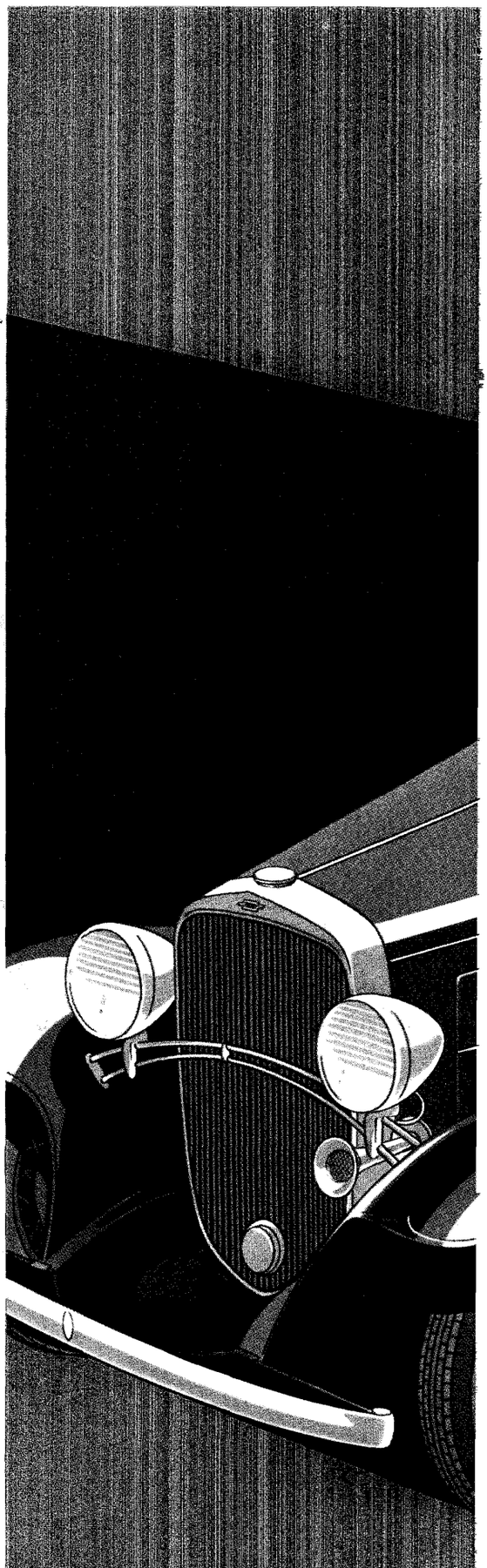

Still first in sales

—because it's still first in value

The new Chevrolet Six became America's largest selling automobile—because it offered the public *outstanding value* in a low-priced car. Today, Chevrolet is maintaining its lead in sales—because, with prices reduced and quality unchanged, Chevrolet has *increased its lead in value!* $445, f.o.b. Flint, Michigan—Chevrolet's new base price—is lower than that of any new multi-cylinder car introduced this season. And this low price buys, in the new Chevrolet Six, smarter styling . . . finer coachwork . . . a more advanced chassis . . . a more economical engine . . . and a more thoroughly proven product . . . than you can find elsewhere in the lowest-price field. *Smarter styling*—for Chevrolet has the modern lines and modish fittings of expensive custom cars. *Finer coachwork*—for Chevrolet, alone in its field, has bodies by Fisher. *A more advanced chassis*—because of Chevrolet's Free Wheeling, Syncro-Mesh Shift and many other up-to-date advancements. *A more economical engine*—because Chevrolet's smooth six-cylinder motor costs less to operate than any other automobile engine. *A more thoroughly proven product*—because no other 1932 car is backed by the satisfactory road-experience of so many thousands of owners. *A greater value than ever*—because all these advantages are available in fourteen big, *quality* models—at new reduced prices as much as $55 lower than before.

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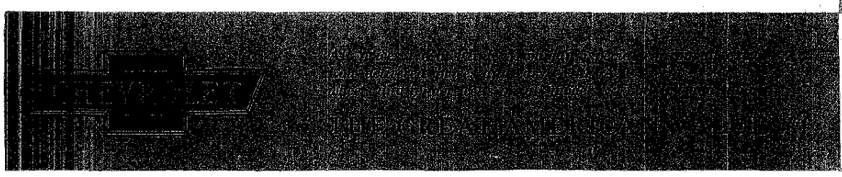

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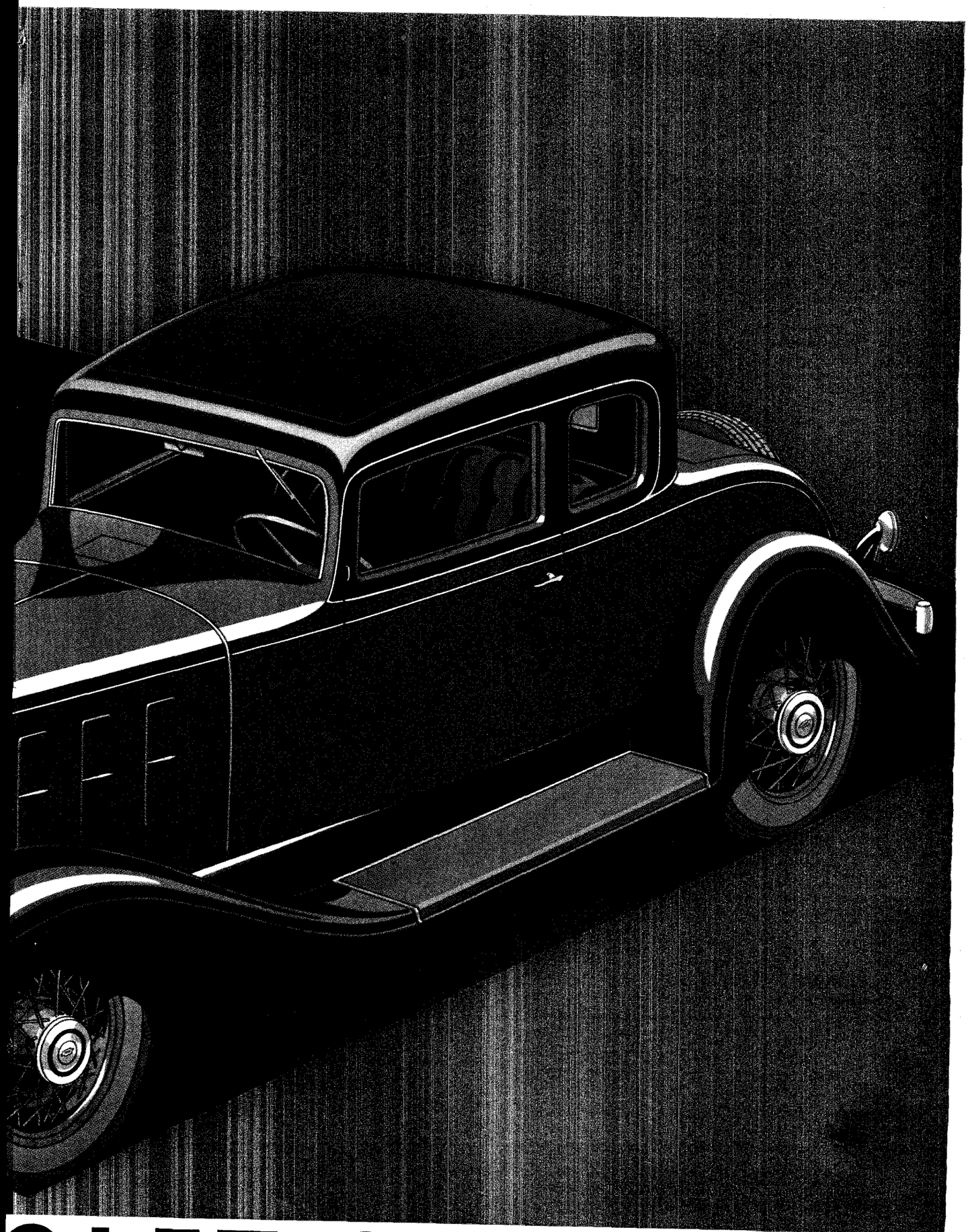

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Turning Sawdust and Shavings Into Dollars

THE AMAZING PROGRESS MADE in recent years in the utilization of wood waste is actually converting a liability into an asset.

We are told that in the States of Oregon and Washington alone, mill-owners are realizing $1,300,000 a year for waste that they once were glad to pay to get rid of.

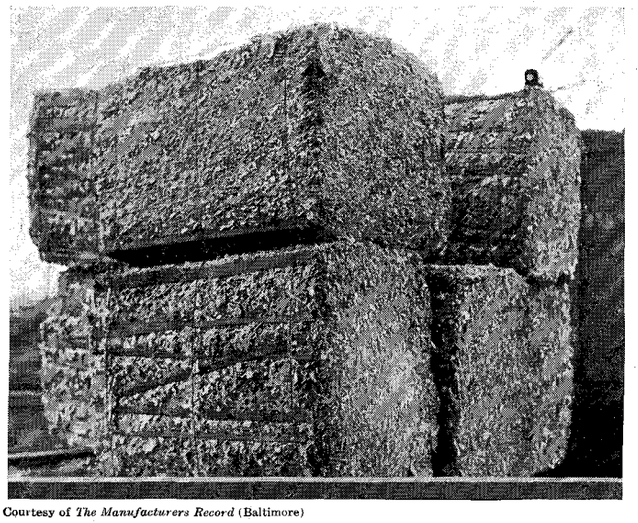
To quote an article in *The Manufacturers Record* (Baltimore), by T. J. Mosley, technical reviewer of the U. S. Forest Products Laboratory at Madison, Wisconsin:

"For a generation, charges of prodigious waste have been leveled against the lumbering industry.

"From the forest to the freight-car, the lumberman is blamed for losses of material, many of which are at present unavoidable.

"An outstanding point in criticism has been the sawdust pile.

"Imagine a boardwalk twenty feet wide, made of brand-new white and yellow planking an inch thick, spanning the space between the earth and the moon. This will visualize simply the total footage of lumber produced in the United States in 1930, a year of depression and slack demand. Year after year the walk could be relaid with our annual cut of 30 to 40 billion board-feet of lumber. Small wonder that sawdust accumulates and some edgings fall by the wayside.



Courtesy of *The Manufacturers Record* (Baltimore)

Savings Found in Shavings

Baled shavings on their way to a wood-flour factory.

"Best present estimates indicate that 25 per cent. of the substance of the average American forest tree is lost in converting the log into lumber. Sound, long and wide lumber for construction or industrial use is the 'kernel' of the log; bark, limbs, edgings, trimmings, and sawdust are the husk, which must be disposed of somehow, with or without benefit to possible users. As a matter of fact, the industry has made great progress in using the 'husk' of lumber in the last ten or fifteen years, and further progress should be made in the future. Conservationists can recall the 40 or even 50 per cent. conversion waste that used to be charged. Both economic needs and technical research have pointed the way to valuable assets in the waste pile, and at some plants the percentage of wholly unused material has already shrunk near to zero."

PERHAPS the most tangible improvement, we are told, has been the replacement of the circular saw by the thinner and less wasteful bandsaw. The old-fashioned circular head-saw, left in its wake a "sawdust trail" often half an inch wide. Now virtually all large mills are using bandsaws or gang-saws cutting the modern quarter-inch kerf, or less. Even portable mills, for which circular saws have been considered the only tool, now can obtain bandsaw equipment mounted on flat car, truck or wagon. Mr. Mosely goes on:

"Closer cutting has helped to deflate the slab-burner. Dimension stock has assumed importance at many hardwood mills in the last ten years. Dimension stock is material cut at the mill approximately to the special sizes in which it will be used in manufacture, instead of into wide and long standard lumber sizes. That the advantage of getting more material free of knots and other defects by such cutting is being realized throughout the industry is proved by the wealth of dimension stock advertisements, whereas in 1920 dimension stock was mostly a theme for research and argument.

"The introduction of similar economies into softwood production has not been as wide-spread. Investigation has shown that of all softwood lumber sold in the United States, approximately one-third is cut into lengths less than eight feet before use, whereas the lumber is produced and sold chiefly in standard lengths of twelve to sixteen feet. If 'short lengths' were manufactured and accepted as a standard product, elimination of waste would be accomplished.

"Absolutely, our national lumber waste-pile is shrinking; relatively, it is growing smaller still, as more and more of the residue finds its way into useful channels. For the greater part of the waste, utilization means simply a transfer of the place of burning from the slab pile or incinerator to the boiler room or heating furnace. But, in the transfer, millions of dollars of value are gained.

"Sawdust used to be the white elephant of all mill wastes. Mountains of it piled up with which nothing could be done. To-day, more is being used in modern types of burners that extract full heat value from it. Other quantity uses are as an absorbent on floors, as a sweeping preparation, and as stable bedding. Large quantities are used as insulating material, as packing, and as a metal-polishing agent.

"Large quantities of white sawdust are processed into wood flour for the manufacture of linoleum, dynamite, and a variety of plastics. Box and crate manufacturers find excellent uses for veneer cores and other hardwood and pine discards; pattern-makers need many small pieces of good wood for their intricate craftsmanship; some toy-makers can use general run of mill or factory waste; the need of dowel material seems unending; manufacturers of handles for tools call for the choicer small hardwood cuttings. And there is the great basic demand of fuel merchandisers.

"One must not overlook the great tonnages of waste and low-grade material that are taken from both the woods and the mill by chemical distillation and extraction plants, turning out methyl alcohol, tannins, wood-tars, charcoal, acetic acid, and other important raw materials for industrial use.

"Still more important in its future significance stands the modern pulp and paper plant. In Washington and Oregon there are sawmills cutting spruce and hemlock which convert 45 per cent. or more of their total waste into chips, to be transformed into pulp and paper for newsprint and a diversity of other uses. Approximately 84,000,000 cubic feet of pulp chips were produced from sawmill waste in this region in 1929, with a return to the sawmills of $1,300,000, for material, which prior to 1925 had been burned.

"In the South much yellow pine waste goes into the manufacture of boards and sulfate papers, and extracted chestnut chips are converted into box material. It is hoped still further to improve the utilization of American woods for pulp, with special attention to the production of strong white papers from Southern pines and Douglas fir. The quantity of material already being converted is reckoned in the hundred-thousands of cords, and this is destined to increase with increasing national demand for wood pulp and its derivatives—papers and boards of all kinds, rayon, viscose, cellophane, lacquers, comprest pulp products, twine and rope, yarn and fabrics, plates and forks, paper cans and bottles.

"All these developments mean nothing if they have not succeeded in investing former wood wastes—the husk of lumber—with a tangible value that can be exprest in dollars and cents. They have.

"A misapprehension that persists in many quarters is that wood 'waste' ought to be given away to the ambitious manufacturer free for the hauling. Economic law forbids. Material with a zero or even a minus value immediately takes on a plus value as soon as a profitable use has been found for it.

"By a fair exchange for value received, the waste buyer can do his part in realizing new wealth."

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Eyebrows

WHILE ALMOST EVERYTHING ELSE about the human face has been studied by scientists, the eyebrow has been overlooked.

But Prof. V. Suk and Mr. F. Rozprym, of the Anthropological Institute of Masaryk University, Czecho-Slovakia, has been examining eyebrows, and have made some curious discoveries.

Professor Suk has studied diseases and racial conditions among the Eskimos of the Arctic and savage races in the tropics. He has examined and classified the eyebrows of 470 persons in the neighborhood of the university town of Brno. Shapes and peculiarities have been found to fall into easily distinguishable classes which have important racial and hereditary significance. Says a reviewer in *The American Weekly* (New York):

"Eleven separate types have been identified, five of commonest occurrence and the others relatively rare.

"It seems strange that Science is stumped to satisfactorily account for our eyebrows. About the eyelashes there is no mystery. The netting of eyelashes not only increases the comfort of the sleeping human being, but also has the practical sanitary advantage of keeping out of the eye diseases brought by germ-laden insects.

"But for the eyebrows there is no such simple and evident explanation. Some have suggested that the survival of the hair on these ridges serves as a sort of cushion to soften blows at that point.

"Another theory is that the hair formerly grew on the brows for the purpose of shading early man and his ape ancestors from the sun.

"Still another idea has been advanced that the eyebrows formerly were useful to shed rain water. But none of these theories is satisfactory."

OF course, a person can have a mixture of two types of eyebrow, or the brow on one side may be different from the other side. Thus on the face of the Prince of Wales, the features are quite different on the two sides. By putting the left sides, or the right sides together, His Royal Highness is barely recognizable. To quote again:

"Commonest of all eyebrow shapes is the 'spreading' type, in which the hair-covered strip is wider, next to the side of the face.

"Another common kind is the 'even' shape, in which the brow is the same width from the nose to the temple. This even variety is distinctly feminine, about twenty times commoner in that sex than in men. Another feminine eyebrow is the type which is narrower next to the temple than close to the nose.

"The typical masculine eyebrow, on the other hand, is the first and commonest type, or else the 'double' type, which has two upward humps in it.

"The only other common form among the Czecho-Slovakians studied was the form in which the eyebrow rises to a small, mountainlike peak at its center. This is a feminine type. A very sparse or 'shedding' form was found only among old people, and may be a result of old age.

"In addition, there were five other shapes, found only in one individual each, such as the heavy, arched kind, and the eyebrow with a whorl next to the nose, both types found in men.

"The scientists' reasons for paying attention to these matters do not concern, of course, either the motive or the methods of improving appearance. They are interested, on the contrary, chiefly in the way in which such things as the shapes or lengths of eyebrows or eyelashes are inherited from one generation to the next.

"Students of heredity continually are on the lookout for new items. There are many legal cases in which the parentage of a child is disputed in matters involving wills or many others. Scientists continually are called into court to testify about sure signs of such inheritance. All too often no such sure sign can be discovered, and the scientist has to confess himself and his science as much at a loss as officials trying to decide on the basis of ordinary testimony. For another thing, there still are many mysteries of the mixture and development in past ages of races and nations now on earth. Better knowledge of these matters might result from the availability of a larger number of sure signs of inheritance. And, finally, students of human improvement by selective heredity continually are seeking for more facts to aid them in applying to mankind the principles of bodily and mental improvement which already have been applied successfully to animals."

A Lindbergh Surgical Invention

IT NOW APPEARS that in the months before the kidnaping of his child the mechanical genius of Col. Charles A. Lindbergh was enlisted in the Rockefeller Institute for Medical Research investigations, one of which is the problem of keeping portions of the animal body living indefinitely in a test-tube.

As the result of months of work in the laboratory of Dr. Alexis Carrel, Colonel Lindbergh devised a new apparatus for washing red blood-corpuscles, an operation that physiologists and bacteriologists must perform many times each day. Scientists, who have studied the brief report and sketch of the centrifuge designed by Colonel Lindbergh, are of the opinion that the new apparatus and technique will find immediate practical use in many laboratories. We read in a Science Service Wire Report (Washington):

"The kidnaping of the Lindbergh baby rudely interrupted Colonel Lindbergh's collaboration with the Nobel prize man,

Eyebrows of the "Double" Type, Commoner Among Men Than Women.

Designated as the "Peaked" Style, Found Mostly Among Women.

Eyebrows With a Whorl, Masculine Type.

Courtesy of *The American Weekly* (New York)

Three of the Many Styles of Eyebrows

Dr. Carrel. Altho Colonel Lindbergh's modest report was not published in the scientific journal, *Science*, until this month, it was prepared in February before the kidnaping, and it is understood that Colonel Lindbergh had begun work on another problem.

"The Lindbergh centrifuge for washing red blood-cells is a conical glass vessel which is whirled rapidly so that force upon the blood within it is 650 times that of gravity. Leading into the conical glass chamber is a glass tube connected to a reservoir of liquid to be used in washing the red blood-cells. This apparatus allows the blood-cells to be washed free of blood plasma at the same time that they are separated from the rest of the blood. A test made by Colonel Lindbergh showed that in fifteen minutes all but a fraction of 1 per cent. of the original fluid was removed by the washing process.

"The conventional method of performing the same operation in the laboratory is separating the corpuscles by centrifuging, and then washing them as a separate operation. Colonel Lindbergh does both at the same time. Colonel Lindbergh's investigations at the Rockefeller Institute were kept secret until the publication of his report. Dr. Carrel, when questioned on the rumors that he had Colonel Lindbergh for a collaborator, would neither deny nor confirm the report, but said:

"'While publicity about scientific discoveries is useful, publicity about the men who are expected to make these discoveries is just the opposite. Intellectual creation requires solitude and silence.

"'If any celebrated man wishes to give research the aid of his imagination or technical ability, he should be entitled to the same privileges as any scientific worker.'"

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The Atom Smashed—What Then?

IS IT WORTH THE EFFORT? Not yet, apparently. An atom of hydrogen has been torn apart, possibly yielding the still more primitive helium, and certainly liberating a hundred times the energy required to do the smashing.

Yet for every successful smashing operation, some ten million bombarding particles were wasted; hence there was a net loss, not a gain, of power.

Atom-smashing has been accomplished before, and it seems to be still only a laboratory wonder. But what may come of it in the future?

Predictions vary. Writes a special correspondent of the New York *Times* from London:

"The atom has been split. This is the astonishing claim of two young scientists, Dr. J. D. Cockroft and Dr. E. T. S. Walton, working in the Cavendish laboratory at Cambridge University, of which Lord Rutherford is the director.

"Lord Rutherford is one of the founders of the modern atomic theory of physics, and was the first to propound the theory that atoms were composed of electrons, or negative charges of electricity, and protons, or positive units or particles of electricity. He received the Nobel Prize in Chemistry in 1908.

"Lord Rutherford described the result of the three years' work of Dr. Cockroft and Dr. Walton as a 'discovery of great importance.' It is difficult yet, he added, to say to what the discovery might lead.

"'Thus far,' he said, 'the experiments have not yielded anything which would be of immediate commercial value. Thus far, for every particle of additional energy obtained it requires millions of particles to make it effective.

"'The experiments, however, are of great scientific interest, and are likely to be powerful agents in extending our knowledge of the atom.'

"Dr. Cockroft explained that he and Dr. Walton had concentrated on an atom of hydrogen.

"'We found,' he said, 'that at 120,000 volts some atoms we were bombarding by protons began to break up into helium. These helium atoms came out with energies of the order of 100 to 160 times that of the particles we were firing into them. We only got the results after nearly three years of work.'

"Smashing, splitting or disintegrating the atom is the most stupendous problem engaging the attention of experimental physicists to-day.

"To smash the atom means only theoretically for the present, of course, two achievements, which, should they ever be put into practical use, would result in revolutionizing life upon earth. For it would mean not only the realization of the age-old dream of the alchemists to transform one element into another but the opening up for the use of man of the practically limitless energy known to be securely locked up inside the atom."

International News photograph

The Atom-Splitters

Dr. Walton, left, Lord Rutherford, center, and Dr. Cockroft, right.

"IF we could transmute hydrogen into helium," it was declared by Sir Francis W. Aston, a Nobel prize winner, "we should produce energy in quantities which, for any sensible amount of matter, are prodigious beyond the dreams of scientific fiction. In a tumbler of water lies enough power to drive the *Mauretania* across the Atlantic and back." The correspondent adds:

"'There is enough energy in one drop of water,' it was declared by Sir Arthur Eddington, 'to furnish 200 horse-power for a year.'

"However, Sir Arthur adds, in the present state of our knowledge this is no more than an impossible dream. To tap any really large quantity of atomic energy it would be necessary to heat matter up to a temperature of 40,000,000 degrees Centigrade. Even granting that such a temperature could be attained on earth, we should be wasting a lot of power while the stream of subatomic energy dribbled out."

Huge Ruins Found in Yucatan

DISCOVERY OF A NEW RUINED CITY of enormous area, containing more sculptured monuments than any known city of the Mayan Empire, is announced by the Carnegie Institution of Washington.

The ruins, difficult of access, stand in southern Yucatan, in the southeast corner of Campeche. Over this region Col. and Mrs. Charles A. Lindbergh and Dr. A. V. Kidder of the Carnegie Institution flew on their air survey in 1929. To quote a wire report of Science Service (Washington):

"A report that a great unknown Mayan city stood in this region came to Dr. John C. Merriam, president of the Carnegie Institution, as he was sailing back to the United States following a recent trip to Yucatan. From a representative of the American Chicle Development Company, he learned that one of their men, C. L. Lundell, a young botanist, had come upon ruins which he named Calakmul, meaning in Mayan, 'The Two Adjacent Hills.' Lundell spent four days examining the ruins, and reported finding many sculptured monuments.

"So remarkable did the discovery sound, that Dr. Sylvanus Morley of the Carnegie Institution arranged with Mexican government officials to visit the site, and study it in detail. With a party of five, Dr. Morley journeyed to the place where the ruins were said to be, and spent two weeks mapping the sculptured monuments and buildings, and deciphering some of the dates on the stones. In confirming Mr. Lundell's report of discovery, Dr. Morley said: 'Calakmul exceeds our expectations. It contains the tremendous total of 103 stelæ with sculptured figures and hieroglyphs, many more sculptured monuments than any Mayan city hitherto known. Some of the stelæ are of high esthetic merit, while fifty-one are dated, of which the expedition deciphered about half.'

"Calakmul was obviously a great religious center in its day, and therefore a place of outstanding importance in the Old Mayan Empire. The many recorded dates, sculptured in hieroglyphics on stone markers, or stelæ, will give science many new clues to the early empire history of the Mayan Indians."

How Lobsters Discard Their Claws

THE discarding of a leg or a claw by crabs, lobsters, and similar animals caught in traps, so that the animal escapes but leaves its leg behind, is not the evidence of intelligence and courage imagined by the older naturalists, but is a mere automatic reflex with which the creature's rudimentary brain has nothing to do.

This, we are told, is implied by observations of Prof. H. E. Wood and Mr. F. D. Wood of New York University, on the small animals called decapods, reported by the Wistar Institute Bibliographic Service of Philadelphia. Says Dr. E. E. Free, in his *Week's Science* (New York):

"It even is possible, these investigators report, to make an animal already dead discard a caught or damaged claw just as tho the animal were still alive. Cutting, crushing or burning a leg or claw may produce the leg-discarding action. A severe electric shock to the leg acts in the same way, as may any severe mechanical or other shock to the entire animal. What happens in all these instances is found to be the same. The injury works on certain nerve centers which then cause a powerful contraction of some of the muscles that ordinarily move the leg. This contraction pulls the leg so far in one direction that it literally pries it off against a projecting edge of the animal's hard shell. A special contrivance exists at the spot where the break occurs so that no blood or other body fluid is lost. Presently a new leg or claw exactly like the old one grows out from the stump. All this happens, however, without the animal's brain knowing anything about it or feeling anything like the pain of a similar operation in a higher animal such as man."

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Guard your EYES

Don't read with the light shining into your eyes.

Don't read when recovering from serious illness—without your Doctor's consent.

Don't read when lying down unless your head and shoulders are propped up and the page is held at right angles to your line of vision.

Don't use public towels and be careful about rubbing eyes with fingers. Dangerous infection may follow.

Don't hold your work or book nearer the eyes than 12 inches.

Don't fail to visit an eyesight specialist at the *slightest sign* of eye trouble.

Don't use eye-washes, ointments, salves, or other remedies unless advised by an eyesight specialist.

Don't wear glasses not prescribed by an eyesight specialist.

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It is good fun, occasionally, to play "Blindman's Buff" with the young people. But it would be a tragedy to have permanently unseeing eyes.

According to the National Society for the Prevention of Blindness, it is estimated that 114,000 persons in the United States are blind, and that more than half of them need not have lost their sight.

Have you had your eyes examined within the past three years? You may be unduly straining them at this very moment. Only an eyesight specialist can tell you if it is wise to use your eyes in their present condition.

Whenever cases of severe, recurring headache, nervous exhaustion, hysteria, insomnia, giddiness or other similar conditions do not respond to medical treatment, the eyes should be carefully examined.

Defective vision will not improve with the passing of time. If neglected, or if the wrong treatment is given, disastrous results may follow. But a mere imperfection in vision is not the most serious thing that can happen to your eyes.

There are damaging eye diseases which, if untreated, eventually lead to blindness. For instance, glaucoma is one of the most insidious eye diseases. It can be present and yet give little indication, at first, of its threat to your sight. Recognized early, it lends itself favorably to treatment. It is, therefore, always advisable for a person more than 45 years old to have periodic examination of the eyes by an expert.

Don't take chances with your vision or with that of members of your family. Make sure that children's eyes are watched and protected. Thirty-five of the forty-eight States now have statutes providing for eye tests in schools.

Remember that it is always difficult to restore sight that has been seriously impaired. Safety lies in consulting an eyesight specialist regularly, even though one's eyes seem to be normal. The majority of defects can be rectified and the eyesight corrected so as to give satisfactory service.

METROPOLITAN LIFE INSURANCE COMPANY

FREDERICK H. ECKER, PRESIDENT — ONE MADISON AVE., NEW YORK, N. Y.

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The "Akron" Proves Her Mettle as a Storm-Fighter

A TRAGIC DRAMA OF AVIATION, which held 10,000 spectators transfixed with terror while a plucky youth dangled for two hours at the end of a rope hundreds of feet above the earth, has added fresh fuel to the pro- and anti-dirigible controversy.

The huge, silvery Navy dirigible *Akron* was rearing and straining "against the pull of two frantic groups of sailors," the ground crew at Camp Kearney, San Diego. The men were trying to guide her to the mooring mast, at this station, near the end of her recent transcontinental cruise.

The dirigible's guide ropes grew taut, we read. Men "clinging to the lines were dragged across the ground, dug their heels into the earth, pushed and snatched for a better hold," writes Marjorie Driscoll of Universal Service in a dispatch to the New York *American*.

As the big airship bucked and strained against her leaders, this writer continues, "a rising wind caught her broadside, pushed her this way and that.

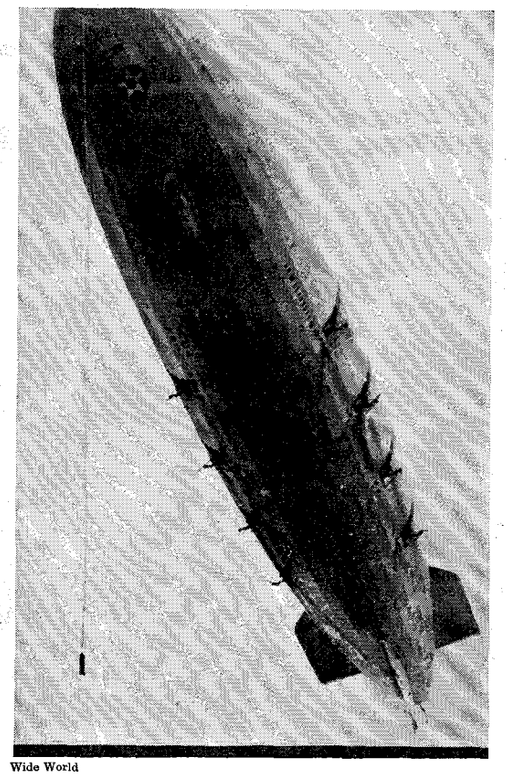
"The men holding the ropes broke from their fan-shaped formation, became frantically struggling masses. More men raced out and tried to help.

"Suddenly, one of the trail lines slipt. The full weight of the *Akron* was thrown on the other rope.

"Men piled into a disorderly heap, snatching, straining, stumbling, and falling, literally climbing over each other as they tried desperately to hold the ship fast.

"There was a scream from the crowd. The group of sailors on the ground fell back. The *Akron* tore herself loose and shouldered up toward the sky.

"At the end of a swaying rope hung three men" of the ground crew —Robert Edsall of South Bend, Indiana; N. M. Hinton of Fresno, California; and Robert "Bud" Cowart.



Wide World

When a Life Dangled at a Rope's End

This photograph, taken in mid-air, shows "Bud" Cowart clinging desperately to the "Akron's" cable before he was dragged up to safety.

Two of the trio jerked aloft—Edsall and Hinton—were unable to keep their hold, and fell to their death. The real melodrama centers about "Bud" Cowart, who held on. For two agonizing hours, Miss Driscoll's account continues:

He dangled there, 2,000 feet in the air and 300 feet below the airship, as the giant bulk circled the field in an effort to get low enough to let him drop.

Firemen with safety nets followed him about the field, hoping against hope they might catch him if his grip loosened. Ten thousand screamed and prayed and wept as the speck in the sky clung on—then set up a mighty cheer as he was dragged to safety within the ship's envelop.

Cowart, near collapse from his terrific ordeal, was cheered again as he came weakly to earth. Commander C. E. Rosendahl merely observed:

"Everything is O. K."

Clear across the North American continent the *Akron* had come, surviving perils of wind and hail and lightning. It was her longest voyage. The airship was en route from Lakehurst, New Jersey, her home port, to Sunnyvale, near San Francisco. The trip, Commander Rosendahl told the United Press, subjected the *Akron* to what he considered "the most severe conditions a rigid airship ever experienced."

The *Akron* set out from Lakehurst on a Sunday, and proceeded south and west over Virginia, North Carolina, Georgia, Alabama, Louisiana, and Texas. Over Texas she had her severest test—storms which threatened her safety. She rode them out safely, but the controversy over her performance and over dirigibles in general goes on. For at present, as the Troy *Record* points out, "the American public is not enthusiastic over the possibilities of the dirigible in time of peace or war. The fate of the *Shenandoah* has not been forgotten."

AND in another editorial this journal sums up the anti-dirigible arguments:

It would not be surprizing, in view of the transcontinental trip of the U. S. Navy dirigible *Akron*, if the great sky-liner were dismantled. This coast-to-coast flight and other recent events have indicated the impracticability of such craft in general, and it would not be strange if the Government withdrew from activity in the dirigible field.

After reviewing the difficulties encountered on this trip, *The Record* adds:

Nor is this the first failure of the dirigible. A few weeks ago, when a Congressional committee, entrusted with the decision as to the retention of the *Akron* or its retirement, were about to embark on an inspection tour, a gust of wind jammed the tail of the monster ship against a hangar, disabling it for a considerable period. At that time the Congressional investigators withheld decision. The committee should seriously weigh the importance of the *Akron's* latest voyage. The coast-to-coast journey proved that the dirigible is valueless in the only rôle that this country envisages it—that of a defensive weapon; for an instrument which can not overcome natural odds would be of little avail against human enemies. England has dismantled its dirigible fleet and withdrawn from this field for the present. Would not the United States do well to be convinced that a like course is both economical and wise?

A DIRECTLY opposite view is that of the Cincinnati *Times-Star*, which says:

The flight of the *Akron* from Lakehurst to California should remove all public and Congressional doubts as to the air-worthiness of the mammoth dirigible.

Tho the mooring at San Diego was marred by a tragic accident, the *Akron's* triumph over a long conspiracy of the elements should be a sufficient answer to her critics.

The New York *Herald Tribune* grants that the *Akron* was unlucky on the voyage; however, this journal continues:

It is only fair to note what her commander points out: that she rode through the very strenuous test of weather with perfect success and safety, and that the death of the two men who fell from her trail ropes was due to the inexperience of the ground crew.

When the accident occurred the ship herself was able to ride overhead, waiting without trouble until evening gave her the opportunity to moor with ease, to refuel, and then to proceed upon her mission.

An attempt to moor the *Leviathan* under unfavorable tide and wind conditions in the North River, with tugboat and dock crews,

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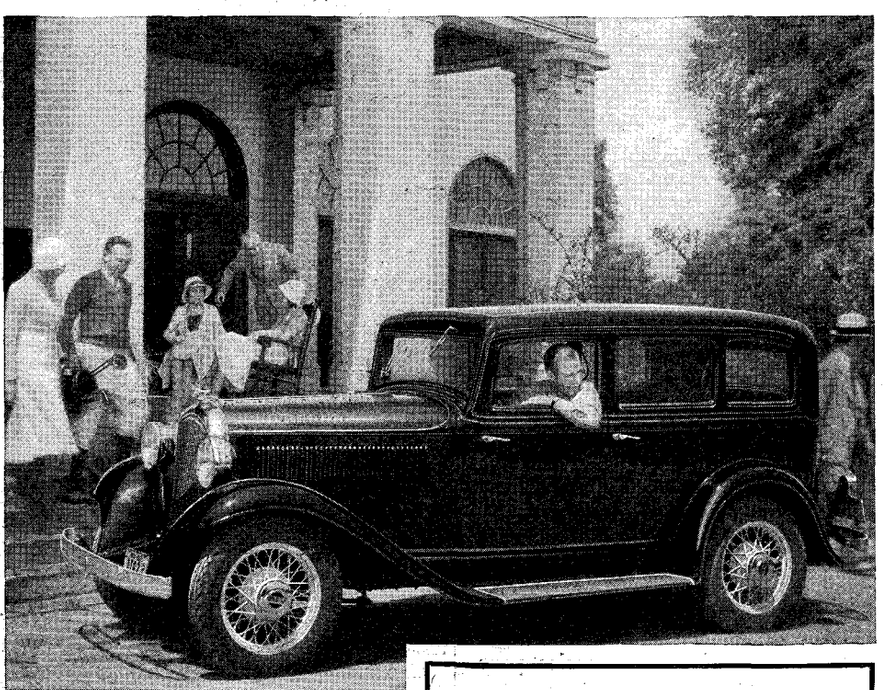
"RIDE in all THREE

—but don't buy any car till you've had a Floating Power ride"

"ANY CAR without patented Floating Power is out-of-date."



MAKE COMPARISONS WITH ALL THREE LOWEST-PRICED CARS AND DECIDE FOR YOURSELF, URGES WALTER P. CHRYSLER

I KNOW you're going to look around this summer before you buy any low-priced car. You should.

In times like these, you're wise to weigh values carefully and demand the most for your money.

That's why I want you to compare this new Plymouth with the other two lowest-priced cars. I want you to see how much longer and bigger and roomier the new Plymouth is. Why, we're even building a big seven-passenger sedan with 121-inch wheelbase.

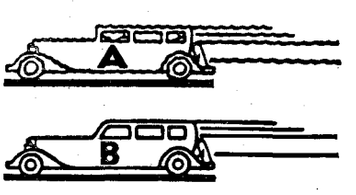
Check up on the engineering, too. Try to match the modern features of the new Plymouth in either of the other two cars. It has the very finest: Floating Power, Free Wheeling, Hydraulic Brakes, Easy-Shift Transmission with Silent Second—all of them.

I promise you the surprise of your life in Plymouth's Floating Power. You'll find that vibration *no longer exists. You'll marvel at* the smoothness of the Plymouth. After ten minutes at the wheel, I think you'll agree with me that any car without patented Floating Power is out-of-date.

Floating Power is something apart from Free Wheeling. Plymouth also has Free Wheeling. Don't confuse the two.

In all my experience, I never built an automobile that was packed with so much value as this new Plymouth. And I never built one that sold for as little.

See the new Plymouth. Drive it. Compare it with those other two cars of its price, before making any decision. That's the one sure way to get the most for every dollar.



THE TRIUMPH OF FLOATING POWER

Car "A" represents the ordinary car travelling at 60 m. p. h. . . . car and passengers necessarily *under vibration.*

Car "B" represents a car with Floating Power engine mounting, travelling at 60 m.p.h. . . . car and passengers *entirely free from vibration.*

PRICES on the 10 models range from $495 to $785. Thrift Models—2-door Sedan $495, 4-door Sedan $575. All prices f. o. b. factory.

PLYMOUTH AS LOW AS $495 F.O.B. FACTORY

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Your coffee cup won't look like this through Ful-Vue Bifocals

DON'T SKIMP ON EYESIGHT

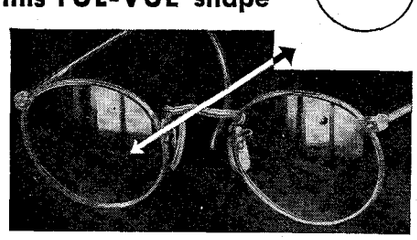
FREQUENTLY, people put off wearing bifocals because they have heard they are hard to get used to. These new Ful-Vue Bifocals are a great improvement in this respect. You don't see double—things don't jump.

So, don't skimp on eyesight. Before you get your Ful-Vues, by all means have a thorough examination of your eyes. For this vital service, go, of course, to a man of training, experience, and highest skill.

Remember, no other face is just like yours. The man who helps you select your glasses should have experience in studying facial contours. Seek out in your community the man who knows. Ask him about Ful-Vue Bifocals.

We have prepared an illustrated booklet, "What You Should Know About Your Glasses." It costs you nothing—may help you much. Mail the coupon.

LOOK carefully for this FUL-VUE shape



American Optical Co., Dept. Lz, Southbridge, Mass.
Without charge or obligation, please send me the booklet, "What You Should Know About Your Glasses."

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The name of the man who fits my glasses is

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who had never even seen a steamship, to say nothing of handling one, might well give even more tragic results.

The storms over Texas provided uneasy moments both for those on the *Akron* and for observers on the ground.

Hemmed in and fettered by towering mountain peaks and the lowering clouds of thunder-storms, says an Associated Press dispatch from Dallas to the Houston *Chronicle*, the *Akron* twisted and turned over west Texas in prolongation of her twelve-hour fight to get through to the west coast. Reading on:

The terrific thunderstorms which endangered the *Akron* raged all the way from Big Spring to El Paso, several hundred miles across the jagged and semiarid area.

While the *Akron* hovered over San Angelo, huge hailstones beat down crops and broke glass in hundreds of windows in that near-by area. There was no indication from the *Akron* that anything untoward had happened to her, however.

Citizens of San Angelo believed the ship possibly was in distress when she circled back over that city, and about 1,000 of them stood in a driving rain more than an hour to form a ground crew in event the ship's commander decided to land. The radio, telephone, messengers, and the fire siren were used to rouse the populace.

The landing crew was assembled at San Angelo after Capt. Homer Freed, World War veteran, observed signals from the *Akron*, which he interpreted as distress signals, and had communicated with Randolph Field at San Antonio. Captain Freed said he received a message from the department of commerce station at Fort Worth asking that a landing crew be assembled.

But the *Akron* weathered the storm. She rode safely and majestically over Camp Kearney, making her way through the fog that blanketed the landing-field.

Four attempts were made to moor her. It was during the fourth, as the ground crew was slowly and with difficulty maneuvering the big airship to the mooring mast, that the untoward air-currents caused the *Akron* to dart upward. Confusion reigned among spectators and workmen. As the dozens who were thrown down by the shock were picking themselves up, the crowd, aghast, saw the three men hanging to the dangling rope. Continuing Miss Driscoll's Universal Service account in *The American*:

One, farther up in the twisted maze, was desperately lashing himself fast. That was Cowart, athlete, boxer, managing to brace himself to one of the wooden cross-bars inserted to give handholds on the rope, and swiftly wrapping other lines about his body.

At the end of the writhing rope hung two struggling figures. They kicked and thrashed wildly, clinging desperately with clenched hands to the slender line.

Women screamed and hid their faces. Men—officers, sailors, civilians—yelled hoarsely.

Seconds crept like days. The men, clinging to the rope, were dragged up—up—slowly, steadily.

Keystone-Underwood

A Close-Up of "Bud" in Mid-Air

Note the intricate arrangement of ropes he was able to devise for his safety. This picture was taken from the "Akron" just before Cowart was hauled to final safety.

Suddenly, one man—Edsall—let go. Three hundred feet up. He shot straight down. A merciful dust cloud hid him as he struck.

An instant later, Hinton lost his grip and came down. Another dust cloud rose and settled, slowly.

But Cowart, lasht fast, hung in the air as the *Akron* rose with terrible steadiness. In the control cabin of the dirigible men were fighting to bring her down, to lower Cowart within reach of help.

From the ground, there was no sign of life about the *Akron*. Her men were inside, out of sight in the control gondola and the envelop. She was huge, deliberate, impersonal—with the dangling rope and the black figure that no longer struggled.

And then, the mooring cable snapt. It thrashed wildly, the *Akron* was forced to climb higher so her dangling ropes would not foul the mooring mast. Cowart became a dangling speck against the sky.

It seemed like an hour before word came down from the dirigible:

"We are pulling him up!"

Around and around went the *Akron*, circling over San Diego. At the end of his rope, Cowart swung helplessly.

The rope passed through a hole in the body of the craft, barely large enough to admit his body. Men had to crouch beside it, pulling slowly and carefully, inch by inch, lest the lashings that held him should slip.

At last they reached him, pulled him through. And soon word came down by radio that Cowart was alive.

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Victory by a Tick in a Classic Motor-Boat Race

ONLY a tick of the clock and a couple of boat-lengths separated the home-town rivals in their sputtering, spray-dashing craft in the race of ruined records.

There was the twenty-nine-year-old mechanic from New Haven, Charles Cabot, in his home-made boat, *Felix II*. He had promised his five-year-old little girl that he'd bring home a great big cup. So he had to win; and he did.

He did the 132¼ miles in the Albany-New York motor-boat race on the Hudson recently in 2:56:39, at the rate of 44.4 miles an hour.

Stepping on his heels, however, was his fellow townsman, Kenneth MacKenzie, a seventeen-year-old high-school senior, who did the stretch in 2:56:40.

Edgar Greason, Jr., a New York fish merchant, was third. He did not manage to come in under three hours, but his time, 3:08:03, was also under the record established a year ago.

This annual race was first held in 1928, and this year's running was thus only the fifth. But, the New York *Times* assures us, the event has already established itself as a classic test.

Perhaps the most interesting detail of its history is the fact that every running of the annual race has seen the record lowered. *The Times* recalls these data of speed and elapsed time:

1928—Earl D. Widegren, Glen Cove, Long Island, 4:27:30; m. p. h., 29.8.
1929—Jake Dunnell, Boston, 3:36:40; m. p. h., 36.6.
1930—J. E. Wilkinson, Boston, 3:25:03; m. p. h., 38.7.
1931—Wade Woodworth, Evanston, Illinois, 3:10:00; m. p. h., 41.8.
1932—Charles Cabot, New Haven, 2:56:39; m. p. h., 44.4.

FEW of the thousands who witnessed the thrilling end of the race at New York sensed the real, homespun drama in the victory of the garage man in the home-made boat. Among that part of the gallery which swarmed about the finish line was a five-year-old chubby-faced daughter, who would have understood no reason for defeat, explains Frank C. True in the New York *Sun*, continuing:

Bit by bit she had seen that boat, *Felix II*, built in the garage of her father.

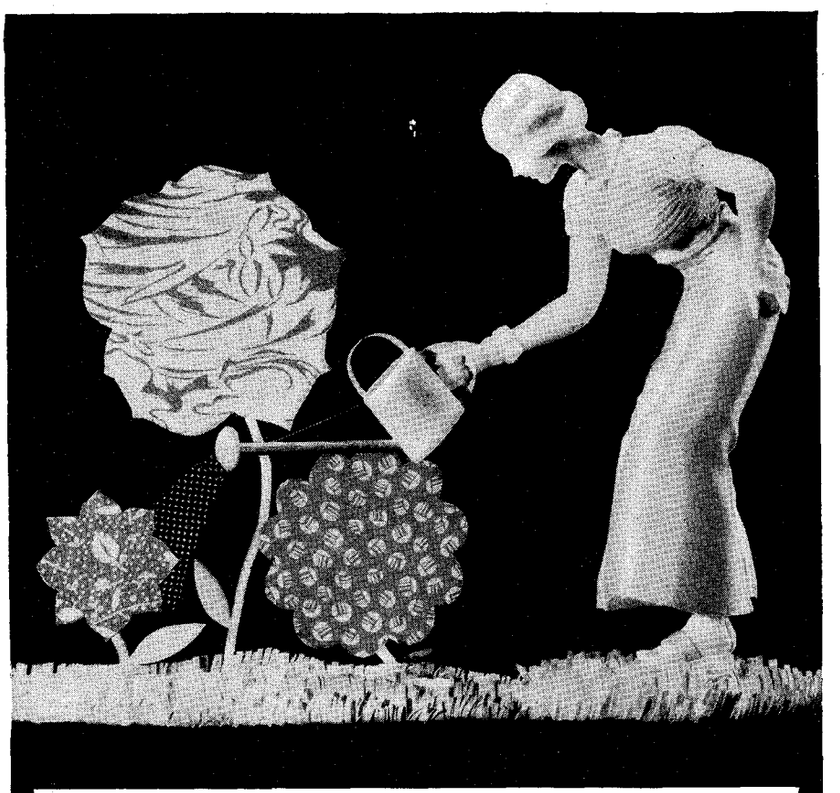
Promises of a "big cup" had been made to pacify childish curiosity. But a retentive memory seems to be a Cabot inheritance among juveniles.

There was no alternative for the New Haven driver, who saw the finish line officially for the first time this year, he having been forced out of the race this side of Poughkeepsie, last May.

So the Haynes-Griffin trophy becomes a Cabot possession for one year, at least.

The marathon was as replete with unusual occurrences as it was with speed, Mr. True tells us further:

The first three drivers were competing



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Keep your printed silks as fresh as flowers with Ivory Snow!

Any fabric . . . any color . . . you can trust in clear water, can be washed safely with Ivory Snow. For Ivory Snow is the same pure soap doctors recommend for a baby's tender skin. It is Ivory Soap blown into tiny, soft puffs for instant dissolving in *tepid* water, which is the only safe temperature for colors, for silks, for wash-leather gloves and for woolens.

No need for hot water with Ivory Snow! No flat soap particles that can cling and cause soap spots or streaking! Every puff of Ivory Snow melts like snow itself. Its rich, thoroughly dissolved suds rinse out swiftly and clearly.

You can use Ivory Snow lavishly because it is pure and mild—and that nice, big package costs only 15¢!

HERE'S AGREEMENT!

"A perfect soap for silks," say Mallinson, Cheney Brothers, and Truhu.

"Ideal for woolens," say the weavers of fine Biltmore Handwoven Homespuns, the makers of downy Mariposa blankets, and the Botany Worsted Mills.

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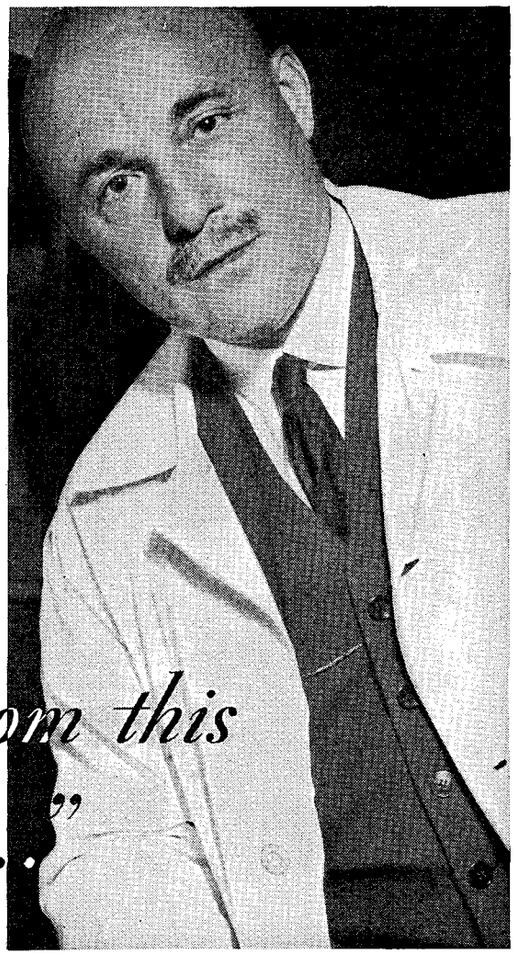


DR. GRAFE, famous metabolism expert, is the author of over 200 scientific publications!

"Nearly everyone suffers from this ailment..."

declares DR. VIKTOR GRAFE, *of Vienna*

IMAGINE you are listening to a lecture by one of Europe's greatest experts on metabolism . . . the celebrated Dr. Grafe, of the University of Vienna.

Dr. Grafe is saying:—

"Due to our modern manner of living and limited exercise, nearly everyone has some degree of intestinal trouble today.

"Constipation is easily conquered and health improved when yeast is regularly used.

"After a nervous breakdown I simply couldn't get my strength back," *writes* Mrs. Frank S. Otway, Jr., *of Chappaqua, N. Y.* "It wasn't long after starting to eat Fleischmann's Yeast, however, before I began to feel really well again."

"Fresh yeast strengthens the intestinal muscles, increases secretions . . . and softens food residues that would otherwise clog the intestines . . . It is totally unlike cathartics and harsh laxatives."

Doesn't it sound well worth trying? Then go to any grocery store, or to a restaurant or soda fountain, get a supply of Fleischmann's Yeast and add it to your regular diet—three cakes every day!

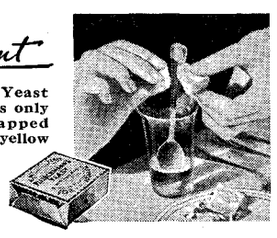
Eat it just plain, or dissolved in water (a third of a glass)—before meals, or between meals and at bedtime.

Then notice, after a few weeks, how much better you feel—how much more energetic, how much less subject to headaches, skin eruptions, colds, etc.

And remember, each cake is rich in three health-giving vitamins—B, G and D. Try eating Fleischmann's Yeast today!

Important

Fleischmann's Yeast for health comes only in the foil-wrapped cake with the yellow label. It is yeast in its fresh, effective form—the kind famous doctors advise!



The famous Dr. Pouchet, of the Academy of Medicine, Paris, says: "Drugs and cathartics irritate the delicate membranes . . . Fresh yeast is the safest treatment for constipation."

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in their second Albany-to-New-York race, and it was the first time any of them had finished. Kenneth MacKenzie, seventeen-year-old New Haven high-school senior, gave Cabot the most exciting run to a spectacular finish ever witnessed in the race. About two lengths separated the boats as they shot over the line, but many of the spectators along Riverside Drive were unable to determine the winner until an official announcement was made.

The first amateur to finish was Edgar Greason of New York, who placed third among the field. Above Alpine, New York, when he was trailing the leader by one-half mile, Greason was forced to stop for fuel, losing ten minutes.

Neither Cabot nor MacKenzie stopt for fuel en route.

Cabot never enjoyed a big lead, altho he held the advantage the greater part of the time.

MacKenzie forged into the front early in the race, only to drop back to fifth place when his craft struck a piece of driftwood, causing his motor to cavitate.

Greason was burdened with the task of chasing Cabot's boat from Poughkeepsie, the half-way mark, to about six miles from the finish, but the former's stop for fuel caused him to fade from the picture.

From this point on MacKenzie began to cut down Cabot's lead. The river bore scarcely a ripple, and weather conditions were ideal. As the two craft swept under George Washington Bridge, hardly a boat's length separated them.

It looked as tho the high-school youngster had victory in the bag. Cabot looked back quickly at his fellow townsman and proceeded to squeeze a figurative ounce more of speed from his motor, which obviously had been held in reserve. The margin was almost negligible, but enough to win.

BUT the heartaches were as many as the thrills, we may judge from Everett D. Carlson's account in the New York *Evening Post:*

The starting field of ninety-one boats, eighty-two of which were outboards, was slashed down to only thirty-one craft able to come in under the time limit, eight hours.

The boats which drifted in after the sixth hour showed signs of having made a brave but useless struggle for premier honors.

Some were chugging along, barely making steerageway on two cylinders; others, whose motors were whining at top speed, seemed hardly able to move, owing to broken propellers, and so the parade of the disabled continued.

Monk Kirkpatrick of Buffalo crossed the finish line in five hours flat to clinch the Class B victory.

He continued on down the river past the line at the Colonial Yacht Club, mixing with the wake of a ferryboat, which turned his boat over.

After being fished out of the water and his craft towed back to the club, he was found to be feeling the effects of the long grind, and fainted, but hearing he had won in his class revived him, and he got up and walked off.

Abracadabra.—Sir Henry Irving had the worst scrawl on record. It is related that he once wrote out a note asking the box-office manager at the Lyceum to give his friend, the bearer, two seats. When it was presented the box-office manager shook his head. "Sorry," he said, "but we don't make up prescriptions here."—*New York Morning Telegraph.*

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Our Ingenious Inventors, Whose Busy Brains Are Never Jobless

HAVE you a yen for non-skid soap? Is heating the baby's bottle an irksome chore?

Does Sunday's chicken skid off the plate while you're carving it and land plop against your rich uncle's vest?

Well, cheer up. Our busy inventors have fixt all that. Their active, fertile brains do not slow up in times of depression. They seem, indeed, to work a little faster.

If you went to the International Patent Exposition in New York, you saw all of these gadgets that are going to make life easy for us some day. If you didn't, you can see them at the Chicago fair next year.

Strangely enough, none of the 5,000 inventions displayed are now being manufactured and sold. As a matter of fact, the purpose of the show was to interest manufacturers in them.

Holding the bottle for baby "must be the most annoying duty in modern life," Ruth Seinfel wrote of the show in the New York *Evening Post:*

This reporter counted no less than five gadgets to take the place of a weary parent beside the crib or perambulator, and hold the bottle in place while baby sips.

There was one that clamped to the side of the crib or the carriage. Two clutched the edge of a table or high chair. One stood on two wire legs and held the bottle supported in a wire cradle between them. One looked like an instrument of torture straight out of the dungeons of the Inquisition, a contraption of arched and twisted wires to be placed over the baby while he is lying down.

Appropriately enough, milk comes next to the baby's bottle as a source of trouble—on the basis, at least, of inventors' evidence. Apparently, Miss Seinfel continues:

A good many householders reach outside the door of a morning only to find some one has got there before them. Three of them looked into this milk-stealing problem, and sent their patented conclusions to the exposition.

A seamstress took the pins out of her mouth long enough to invent—a gymnasium appliance.

A married woman in Kiowa, Kansas, patented a model for a portable elevator which should be wheeled up to a building and hoisted to the proper height, presumably for delivering pianos.

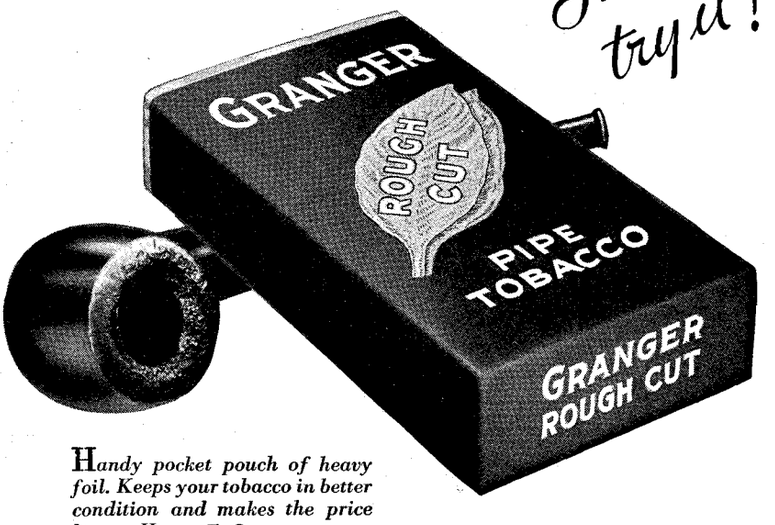
Mary Halleck Greenewalt, of Philadelphia, who has already earned something of a name for herself as an inventor, devised an instrument for blending color and light with music.

Meanwhile, Mr. Gus Klempp, of Glenwood, Iowa, worried about improving the rolling-pin; while other gentlemen set their minds to making doughnut-cutters which have a "positive means for ejecting center dough from the hole," a set of house bells and signals by which a housewife can indicate whether she is "out" or "in," an egg-boiler with a steam-whistle to signal that the egg is finished, a meat-slicing board which holds the roast in place on prongs, and a cream machine which reverses the usual process and makes sweet cream out of milk and unsalted butter.

"Somehow I like a man who smokes a pipe..."

Others may try to imitate the Granger package, but the challenge stands... *the best pipe tobacco in America, regardless of price.*

Just try it!



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ABSORBINE JR.

for years has relieved sore muscles, muscular aches, bruises, burns, cuts, sprains, abrasions

Used by Thousands for "ATHLETE'S FOOT"

Marching for Beer and—"We Want Work, Too"

A PERFECTLY good water-wagon was trotted out and trundled along, while bands played "How Dry I Am" and "Brown October Ale."

Of course, a water-wagon going about its daily business wouldn't win a second glance from anybody, but in a beer parade—well, here's a lesson in showmanship:

The water-wagon in Mayor Walker's big circus was a sure-fire laugh all along the line.

On the other hand, the show was not without its touch of pathos. This was sensed by thoughtful spectators in a sign carried by one perspiring contingent. In a marching forest of "We Want Beer" signs, this one arrested attention with a deeper appeal in the simplest terms, proclaiming anxiously:

"We Want Work, Too."

Some of the other signs were:

"End the Business Stagnation With Beer Taxation."

"Help the Farmer: Beer Is Made From Farm Products."

"Help the Dollar: Beer Can Balance the Budget."

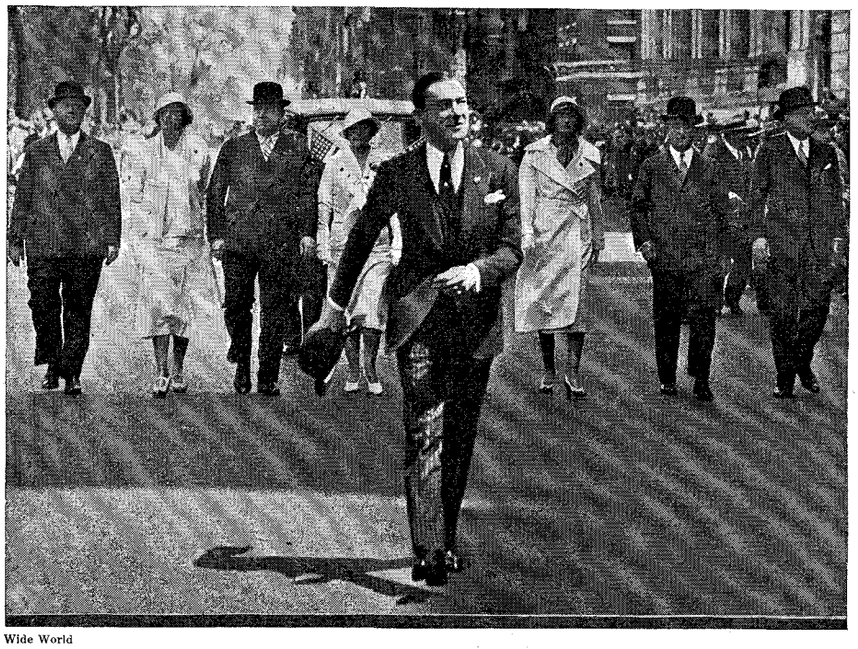
IN fact, beer was credited with miraculously beneficent powers. Perhaps never before had that humble beverage been exalted with such an apotheosis. And the holiday crowd good-naturedly took it all for granted, for it was a big show and a merry one.

Beer shared the honors of the day with Mayor "Jimmy" Walker, the father of the parade, and of smaller and less successful beer parades in Boston, Detroit, Syracuse, Princeton, Paterson, Camden, Scranton, Hudson, Daytona Beach, and other places.

In snappy clothes and high-heeled shoes, His Honor gadded gleefully at the head of the procession during its opening stage, and worked so hard all day at giving and answering salutes and greetings that by nightfall (he related) he had worn a hole in the brim of his derby hat.

All the afternoon and far into the evening the marchers marched, and "at times it was estimated by the police that 2,000 persons an hour were falling into the moving line." Thus the New York *Herald Tribune*, which also tells us:

Just how many marching feet stept in the long, long column that throbbed through Fifth Avenue, no man could say.



Wide World

"There Were Shouts From the Windows of 'Good Old Jimmy!'"

Nor could one guess with any hope at accuracy how many hundreds of thousands of times the shout of "We Want Beer!" rose among the noises of the city. It may or it may not have been the biggest and longest parade in New York's history. In point of time it went on for longer than the celebrated "sound money" demonstration of 1896. It was less exciting or noisy than the Armistice Day saturnalia of 1918, or the Lindbergh reception of 1927.

THAT the marchers had to pay for their enthusiasm is suggested by H. I. Phillips with a jingle at the head of his New York *Sun* column:

> Proclaim it now
> With drums and horns:
> The rich get beer,
> The poor get corns.

And on the same page appears this editorial criticism:

Mayor Walker's beer parade must have delighted him. The crowd rose as froth to the occasion. Just why it was held remains a puzzle. Every legislator in this part of the country is thoroughly wet; none needed to be imprest by the uprising. But, as old Kaspar insisted to little Peterkin, it was a famous victory. Watching the perspiring

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marchers, viewing with sympathy the plight of persons whose business errands were interfered with by the police arrangements, the question rose: How many citizens of this town would sally forth so enthusiastically to parade in protest against graft, racketeering, waste, extravagance, and overtaxation?

NOR was that the only criticism of Mayor Walker's big parade. Here are some left-handed compliments from a sermon on the following day by the Rev. John Haynes Holmes, as reported in *The Herald Tribune:*

When Rome was dropping to pieces from immorality and venality in public office, the Government kept the populace quiet with "bread and circuses." Mayor Walker, even in times like these, gives no bread, but is always ready with circuses.

Last summer, for example, when the Seabury investigation was getting well under way, Mr. Walker went to Europe and staged a performance nicely calculated to persuade innocent New Yorkers that their glittering Mayor was one of the great men of the world.

During last winter, when the Sherwood scandal was exciting public attention, Mr. Walker made a sensational journey to California to plead for the release of Tom Mooney, for whom in all the fifteen years of his imprisonment he had never before spoken a word or dropt a tear. To-day, when Judge Seabury is hot on the Mayor's trail, Mr. Walker seeks to draw a red herring across this trail by putting himself triumphantly at the head of a beer parade.

Or, if drink is really so important, why not food as well? There are hundreds of thousands of people in this fair city who are starving for lack of bread. Why not a bread parade, Mr. Mayor?

BUT no discordant note seems to have crept into the parade itself. Of the Mayor's demeanor, *The Times* tells us:

He looked a bit pale, a trifle wan, as he stept from his black-and-silver automobile to lead the marching multitude. But color came to his cheeks with each passing block.

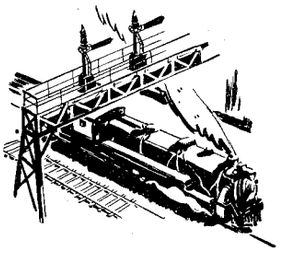
At intervals he acknowledged the cheering and the shouting from the sidewalks by lifting his bowler. At fifty-one that head is still without a visible gray hair. even in the bright morning sunshine. Only the knees indicated that the slim person at the head of the procession was not so young as he looked. Any amateur boxer or physical director could have seen that they lacked the snap of youth.

But the thin legs carried the Mayor along at a brisk pace. Always there were shouts from the curbs and from windows of "Good old Jimmy," and "That a boy, Jimmy," and the Mayor manifestly relished these encouraging words.

"A step backward in the Prohibition controversy" is the Boston *Herald's* verdict on the beer parades.

The Boston *Globe* says: "Any change in our Prohibition laws will not be achieved by parades."

Those two observations seem to condense a large body of comment throughout the country. But the Norfolk *Virginian-Pilot*, while deprecating Mayor Walker's share in it, ranks the parade as a significant phenomenon, one "not to be overlooked."



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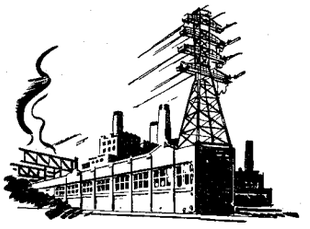

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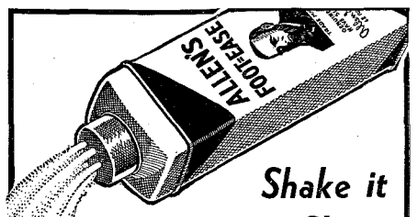

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Allen's Foot-Ease

Painting the Bathroom Red

BIGGER and better bathrooms! Grander and gaudier!

"The Babylonisher the better!"

Such is the slogan of the New York *Herald Tribune*, which takes issue editorially with Richardson Wright, editor of *House and Garden*, who recently rose to deplore the fanciness that in these days characterizes the bathroom.

Just why Mr. Wright "should be so upset over the splendiferous bathrooms that we are told are the ultimate flowering of the plumber's art is not, to our naive intelligence at least, apparent," says *The Herald Tribune*, continuing:

Mr. Wright is tired of playing the rôle of a sort of built-in William Beebe, studying carp and rainbow fish in still-life representation on the walls while his nearest contact with actual manifestations of nature is achieved when he reaches for his sponge.

He doesn't like being a Jonah in bathrooms decorated with gigantic whales, and he is bored with bathroom furniture made of bent gas-pipes and plate-glass.

When he washes, shaves, or brushes his teeth he wants to be the principal actor in the ablutionary drama, not just an unessential figure in an ocean populated with hand-painted cuttlefish and genuine Della Robbia porpoises inlaid as a frieze.

Personally, our reaction to bathroom magnificence has always been appreciative.

The *Herald Tribune* writer very feelingly recalls "the days of tin tubs coated with strictly chipable white paint, and surrounded with a wooden apron.

So, he adds, "we are fond of black marble swimming-baths set so deep in the floor that the possessors have to rent the apartment underneath for their accommodation." Reading on:

We dote on solid-gold spigots, taps, and bottle tops, and utter glad cries in praise of the inventor of the heated towel-rack. Particularly are we grateful for the improvements in ships' plumbing.

It is a far cry from the clammy bathroom parade under the guidance of a limp steward, the network of piping underfoot, and the slippery duckboards, to the modern magnificence of pastel-shaded tubs and fresh-water showers.

What, if anything, the bathroom of the future needs is more splendor. Let the interior decorators confer with Mr. Urban and see what could be done with changing lights and suitable musical selections from adroitly concealed victrolas, with live stars in a skyey ceiling, and real fish at play.

So far as we are concerned, the Babylonisher the better.

Weather Signs in the Grand Canyon.—Old Blank had three of his acquaintances in for an evening at cards. About 11 o'clock the host, as was his custom, commenced to yawn, and one of the men present, who was not familiar with his habits, said diffidently:

"Well, I think perhaps we ought to be going now."

"Oh, no," returned one of the others; "you mustn't pay any attention to Bill's little yawns. We never start to make a move from the house until we can see his tonsils."—*Stray Stories.*

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Let the Government Use the "Digest" Poll Method, Suggests Professor Willcox

HERE was a novelty for a picked radio audience—the mentally alive one which tunes in to Station WEAI, of Cornell University.

A veteran statistician of the very first international rank—incumbent almost for a lifetime of the chair of Statistics and Economics at Cornell, valued adjuvant for a generation of the United States Census Bureau, author of important works, member of home and foreign learned societies, and so forth—was giving a scientific review of THE LITERARY DIGEST'S Prohibition poll.

This "Daniel come to judgment" was Prof. Walter Francis Willcox, whose name invokes authority wherever the science of statistics asserts its powerful fascination on the keenest of trained intellects—and that means in every civilized country.

Among his other distinctions, Professor Willcox has been President of the American Statistical Association and also of the American Economic Association. He was Chief Statistician of the Twelfth United States Census, and also served as statistical expert for the War Department on censuses of Cuba and Porto Rico. He has been consulting statistician of the New York State Department of Health since 1907.

He has represented the United States as a delegate to the International Statistical Institute (of which he is a vice-president) of Berlin, London, Paris, Brussels, and Rome.

All this does not exhaust the list of Professor Willcox's honors, but it is enough to stimulate our interest in his judgment on the DIGEST poll.

The poll has been attacked on vague but pertinacious allegations of inaccuracy. In a word, on statistical grounds. Well, what has this premier statistician to say about it?

THE Ithaca *Journal-News*, from which we quote his radio address, gives prominence to Dr. Willcox's suggestion that THE DIGEST'S method of ascertaining opinion by a cross-section national postal referendum might well be followed by the Government. Thus:

The main advantage of these LITERARY DIGEST polls is that they provide a means of ascertaining public opinion about a question appealing to the average voter which is cheaper and simpler than an election.

It is also better, because it separates the one question from all others.

If the repeal or amendment of the Prohibition amendment, for example, becomes an issue next November, that will probably result from a difference in the platforms or other declarations of the two parties.

If so, the Prohibition question will be mixed with many other issues between the parties, and the popular vote will not reveal public opinion on this single question. I hope, therefore, that the method of testing public opinion by straw votes will grow in favor. If it does, perhaps it will be taken over by the Government.

If the Washington authorities, for example, had lists of the voters in the country and sent a ballot to every tenth name, asking for the receiver's opinion on some public question of real interest to him, any statistician, I am sure, would agree with me that the results would furnish almost as clear a picture of public opinion as if every voter had been consulted.

An election is a statistical process. As some one has said, "It is counting heads so that we may not have to break them." In other statistics we are using these sampling methods more and more; why not use them also in our political life?

LEADING up to his examination of the Prohibition poll, the Professor said:

THE LITERARY DIGEST has conducted seven polls since 1920, one every two years. At each of the last three Presidential elections it has conducted a Presidential poll; it has had one poll on tax-reduction. The other three were on Prohibition and the retention or repeal of the Eighteenth Amendment.

The results of the Presidential polls, while sometimes surprizing, were quickly checked by the nomination or election which followed, and were proved in this way to furnish a trustworthy mirror of public opinion. The Prohibition polls have had no such verification.

Mainly for that reason, but partly also because emotion and prejudice are strong elements in determining one's attitude about Prohibition, the results of these three polls have not been accepted as trustfully as the others.

My object this afternoon is to give a reasoned and expert estimate of their value.

During their progress THE LITERARY DIGEST becomes a great statistical office employing hundreds of clerks, and it has been a part of my business to study such offices.

To qualify as an expert another requirement must be met. Besides knowing the general subject, one must know also the particular problem.

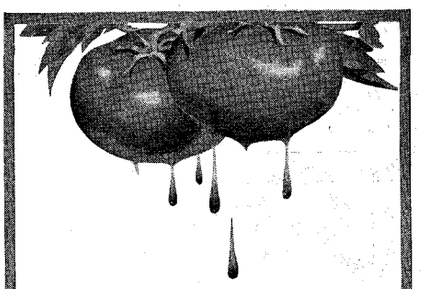
To do that, published statements from one side or the other are not enough; they should be supplemented by correspondence and personal contact. For two years I have exchanged letters with THE LITERARY DIGEST about its Prohibition polls, and before publishing an article on them in a statistical journal, I spent a long morning in conference with the head of that part of its work.

EVERY phase of the work was explained, and every question frankly answered, records the Professor, who then summarizes his conclusions as follows:

1. The three Prohibition polls were honest and intelligent attempts to get at public opinion about Prohibition and the repeal of the Eighteenth Amendment.

2. The cost of the polls was borne by the paper as a commercial venture, because they were found to pay for themselves through the increased subscriptions and advertisements they brought in.

3. Ballots were sent to the regular mailing list of THE LITERARY DIGEST, built up



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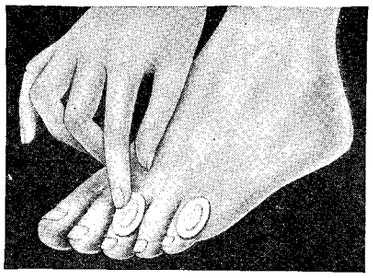

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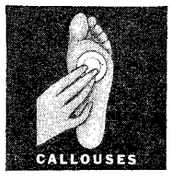

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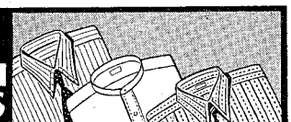

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primarily to push its circulation, and now containing more than 20,000,000 addresses.

4. This mailing list has been taken mainly from telephone directories and lists of automobile owners. Printed lists of registered voters were used, but are not so generally available.

5. To the use of answers secured from persons on this mailing list as a measure of public opinion about Prohibition several objections have been made.

a. The list includes too many men or too few women.

b. It includes too many city folk.

c. It includes very few of those who have no telephone or automobile, especially the great wage-earning class.

d. A smaller proportion of the drys than of the wets returned their ballots.

WHAT weight should each of these objections receive? Professor Willcox asks the question and then proceeds to answer it:

a. The statement that a large majority of the ballots came from men is true. How far that is an objection depends on how far the votes of women about Prohibition differ from those of men. In 1930, twenty-five Scripps-Howard newspapers secured answers to the same questions from nearly 100,000 subscribers, two-thirds men and one-third women. The proportion of wets among men was about one-sixth greater than the proportion among women. A few weeks ago THE LITERARY DIGEST polled all the registered voters in Portland, Maine, with distinction of sex. The proportion of wets among men was about one-fourth greater than among women. This objection, then, has weight, but not so much as it would have if the difference between the opinions of men and women on this subject was greater.

b. Whether the list overrepresents the city folk, I have not learned, but the replies do overrepresent the cities. In 1930, the returned ballots mailed in cities amounted to 4.8 per cent. of the population of those cities. Those mailed outside of cities amount to only 3.1 per cent. of the country population. The proportion of wet votes from cities to all-city votes was about one-third greater than the proportion of wet votes from the country to all-country votes.

c. The great element of the population not reached by the LITERARY DIGEST poll consists apparently of those who do not use telephones or automobiles. No special attempt was made in 1930 or 1932 to find whether the votes of this element differ from those of persons on the mailing list.

But in 1922, secret polls, using unsigned ballots, were arranged in seven large factories located in five large cities. These factory polls indicated that the proportion of wets among the wage-earners was about one-fifth greater than it was in the general population of the cities containing the factories.

THUS, Professor Willcox points out, the first and second objections indicate that these polls were biased in favor of the wets, the third, that they were biased in favor of the drys. And he adds:

When one remembers what a large proportion of the population have neither telephones nor automobiles, one might suppose that these objections taken together about balance.

The last objection, that the drys do not vote in as large proportion as the wets, can not be met by any analysis of the LITERARY DIGEST figures. Fortunately evidence comes from another direction. Since the Eighteenth Amendment was adopted thirty-one referenda on some question relating to the liquor laws have been held in sixteen States. The results of these referenda can be compared with those of the LITERARY DIGEST polls in the same States and with allowance for differences of date. For our purposes the most important of these referenda are those held in Rhode Island and Illinois nearly two years ago, because they raised directly the question of repealing the Eighteenth Amendment.

According to the best interpretation I can make of the LITERARY DIGEST polls, about four-fifths (80.5 per cent.) of the population of Rhode Island favored repeal in November, 1930. The State referendum of that month showed 78.1 per cent. Similarly I interpret the LITERARY DIGEST polls in Illinois as indicating that in November, 1930, 77.4 per cent. of the population favored repeal. The State referendum of that date showed 66.1 per cent.

New York State has had only one referendum, that in 1926 on modifying the Volstead Law. I interpret the LITERARY DIGEST polls as indicating that 77.1 per cent. of the New York voters were then wet. The referendum showed 74.7 per cent.

In all three cases the LITERARY DIGEST vote was slightly wetter than the referendum vote, but none the less the results of the two were surprizingly close. It would be tedious to repeat the comparison for other States. My general conclusion is that the results of the DIGEST polls have agreed closely with the results of State referenda wherever a comparison can be made, but are systematically a little wetter.

ONE other inference from the polls deserves mention, says the Professor. The postmarks on the returned ballots show whether they were or were not mailed in a city. Hence this test:

The ballots were divided in 1930 according to their postmarks, and so the country vote was distinguished from the city vote. In New York, two years ago, 15 per cent. of the city votes and 23 per cent. of the country were for retention and enforcement of the present law; 53 per cent. of the city votes and 46 per cent. of the country were for repeal of the Prohibition amendment, while 32 per cent. of the city votes and 31 per cent. of the country were for liberalization of the Volstead Law.

In the poll just finished, the question about modification was omitted. The evidence shows that practically all those who voted two years before in favor of modification have now voted for repeal. When the tabulation of city votes in the present poll is sent me, it will show, I believe, that more than three-fourths of the votes mailed in the country districts of New York were cast for repeal.

Nearly two years ago, after studying the 1930 poll, I concluded that a majority of the people in thirty-seven States, one more than are needed, would then vote for repeal. The present poll indicates that the number of repeal States has risen to forty-six, and by suppressing the ambiguous question about modifying the Volstead Law makes the evidence much stronger. It also shows that opinion has moved toward repeal much faster since 1930 than before.

It was here that Professor Willcox made the suggestion which we have condensed in the head-line of this article—that THE DIGEST'S polling system should be adopted by the National Government.

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Front-Page Courtship

IN the spring a young Londoner's fancy lightly turns to thoughts of the personal column on the front page of a great newspaper, where he can make love in public at so much per bill and coo.

Peter writes to Mary, who, we hope, gets the message with the next morning's news. "Infinite love always and ever—whatever!" he assures her, according to a copyrighted London dispatch from Morris Gilbert to the New York *Evening Post.*

G. writes to Dearest: "Cld be at P. for fw days from 30th. Too grt strain for U? Say and banish all gloom. Ever."

Am. writes to A. A., "Unable indulge desire see you, but have many happy memories."

E. J. writes to Cymro, "N. G. Cinema to-night. Easter Mumbles."

There are several outstanding virtuosi now contributing to the personal column of one of the papers, Mr. Gilbert says as he continues:

The most talented, perhaps, are the group including Poggy Woggy and R. M., whose correspondence has an ineffable brilliance. It burst on London eyes with the following message:

"R. M.—Clever little Boy at discovering things! I thank you with very many thanks for loving three such remarkable people—who are they? I have searched the Stars, but they tell me nothing about You. Perhaps if I turn the search-light on Poggy Woggy—who knows things. . . . With God's love—and the tonic of my Leaves—and Father Pat's prayers, I am better now. But I still squeak like a

"Little Bronchial Wheezie Breezie."

On the following day this appeared:

"Oh! Poggy Woggy—I dreamed last night I was the lovely Queen of the Pagans and dwelt in Marble Halls with a tall knight drest in blue. And it seemed that the music rose and swelled—rose and swelled—into glorious harmony, like Walton's . . . Oh! I can not remember."

Obviously incapable of pursuing flights of such power, the author of the next day's response fell like Icarus, in these terms:

"Poggy—I no all. Sez I.—R. M."

Not Easily Discouraged

A tale is being told in Johannesburg in illustration of the South African wool-producers' difficulties. A native brought a bale of wool for sale, but refused the offer of a penny per pound. He preferred to accept the suggestion that he send it to the coast for sale at the weekly auction, altho he realized that this was a risk.

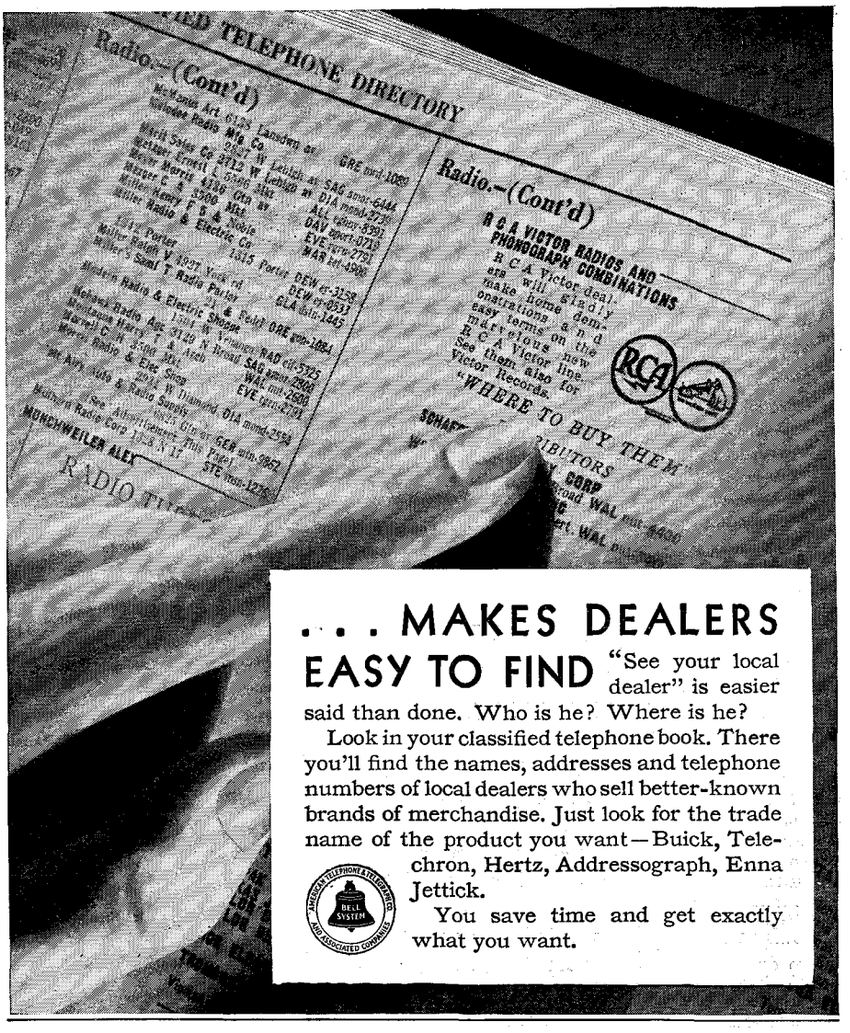
The storekeeper through whom he did this eventually got the account, which, after deducting rail charges, commission, and other expenses, showed a deficiency of one shilling and sevenpence.

It took the native a long time to grasp this curious transaction and its arithmetic. Finally he said he had no money.

After some discussion, the storekeeper agreed to take a chicken for the money.

In due course the native brought two chickens. The storekeeper pointed out that he only asked for one.

"Ah, yes, I know," returned the native, "but I have another bale of wool I am bringing round."—*Christian Register.*



. . . MAKES DEALERS EASY TO FIND "See your local dealer" is easier said than done. Who is he? Where is he?

Look in your classified telephone book. There you'll find the names, addresses and telephone numbers of local dealers who sell better-known brands of merchandise. Just look for the trade name of the product you want—Buick, Telechron, Hertz, Addressograph, Enna Jettick.

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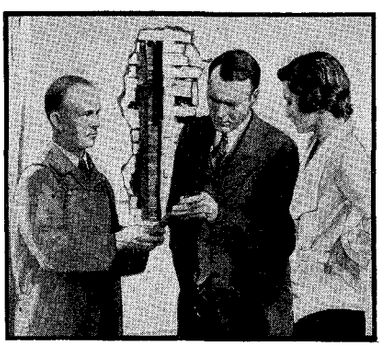

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Let us send you our instructive booklet, "Copper, Brass and Bronze in the Home." Address Dept. L., The American Brass Company, General Offices: Waterbury, Conn.

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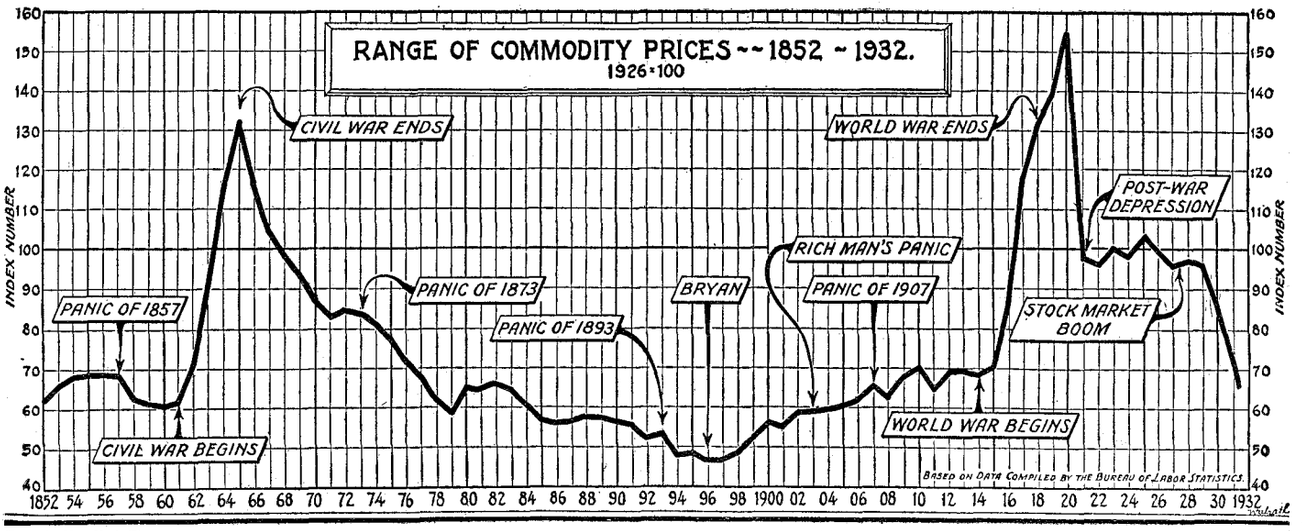
RANGE OF COMMODITY PRICES -- 1852 - 1932.
1926=100
INDEX NUMBER
CIVIL WAR ENDS
WORLD WAR ENDS
POST-WAR DEPRESSION
PANIC OF 1857
PANIC OF 1873
PANIC OF 1893
BRYAN
RICH MAN'S PANIC
PANIC OF 1907
STOCK MARKET BOOM
CIVIL WAR BEGINS
WORLD WAR BEGINS
BASED ON DATA COMPILED BY THE BUREAU OF LABOR STATISTICS.
1852 54 56 58 60 62 64 66 68 70 72 74 76 78 80 82 84 86 88 90 92 94 96 98 1900 02 04 06 08 10 12 14 16 18 20 22 24 26 28 30 1932

From the New York *Times*

What to Do About Prices

THAT WE ARE IN AN ERA of declining prices needs no argument.

It is almost as axiomatic that "the key to the present economic situation is the movement of staple prices," in the words of Mr. Charles Merz.

No one thinks that we can completely reverse the general trend toward lower prices which has been going on for a decade, but many think that we can check the decline and keep prices somewhere near the present level, or at least prevent another sharp drop. Many efforts are being made, in Washington and elsewhere, to check the fall of prices. At the same time there are those who hold that nothing can be done about it, and that the best thing to do is to learn how to do business properly in an era of declining prices.

The whole question is so fundamental that Charles Merz takes it up in the New York *Times*, asking us to study with him the price curve—as reproduced in the chart printed on this page—the consequences of the drop and the means being suggested for price stabilization.

Notice first that slender peak of Civil War prices, then the long downward movement, rapid at first, lasting for more than thirty years. This, by the way, is "the long, slow movement of prices described by economists as the 'secular' trend, in contrast to the small 'cyclical' variations which accompany booms and depressions, appearing in the chart from year to year as ripples on the surface of the underlying swell."

But we must let the chart tell its own story, and go on to note certain comparisons between the present price deflation and those of the past. The price index, including 784 commodities, has gone down 32.1 per cent. since the summer of 1929, which compares with 8 per cent. in 1907 and 45.3 per cent. in 1920-21. The recent drop is not so great as the one a decade ago, but then it began from a temporary artificially produced war level, "whereas in 1929 it started from a lower level to which business had accustomed itself over a period of more than seven years."

DECLINES in prices of different commodities have been distributed very unevenly in the present case, it is pointed out.

For instance, while farm products have dropt off 52.9 per cent. since the peak, farm implements have fallen only 13.4 per cent. Lumber has dropt 29.3, but bricks only 11.1 per cent. Petroleum products have dropt 47.3, "but anthracite coal has moved against the tide, and actually gained 6.4 per cent."

That is one of the great difficulties. History has proved that "business can thrive on a declining price-level, provided the descent is regular and gradual." But "it can not cope successfully with a decline which is both rapid and uneven." The whole equilibrium of business is upset. Hand-to-mouth buying prevails. The burden of obligations created in times of higher prices crushes the debtor and shakes the creditor's hope of repayment.

NOW there is one group which argues stoutly that anything we try to do about price decline just makes matters worse, and reasons that we must simply wait for the operation of such fundamentals as the law of supply and demand.

But those who are trying to "break the vicious circle of declining prices" feel their efforts are worth while. Mr. Merz takes up in order the five chief campaigns of this kind.

First, there are the efforts to curtail production, none of which to date have been successful.

Second, is the Federal Reserve effort to purchase securities from member banks, and thereby add to the cash resources of the banks, stimulate the latter to greater liberality in loaning, and thereby put money into the active channels of business with eventual price stimulation. The trouble here is that much of the money which has been piling up in the banks as a result of this policy is not being loaned out. The banks are being blamed for this. But according to the American Bankers Association, it is "failure of public buying to create a sufficient volume of sound, commercial, and industrial activity to warrant an expansion of bank loans which has been the determining factor in keeping business on a dead center."

Some observers, we are told, expect the Federal Reserve policy to have its effect before very long, while others believe that additional measures must be taken. Some of the latter want the Government to get back of revenue-producing public works, to create a demand for the easier credit now available. Another group calls for the third idea, "controlled inflation," by such means as the Goldsborough bill asking the Reserve Board to keep prices up.

The fourth idea is to expand the currency along the lines suggested in the bonus bill that has been before Congress. The idea is that "this country needs a new crop of money," and that this crop would restore purchasing power and start prices upward. But opponents of the plan see no connection between the volume of money and the price-level. They do not see how more money in this country would increase purchasing power abroad, and they fear that currency expansion might lead us into ruinous overexpansion and depreciation.

Finally, says Mr. Merz, among other measures before Congress—

There is a sheaf of bills designed to raise the price of silver by one means or another: by providing for free coinage on the

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basis of sixteen ounces of silver to one of gold, as urged by Bryan, thirty years ago; or by authorizing the Treasury to purchase 5,000,000 ounces a month at the market price, and to coin it into standard dollars to redeem new silver certificates; or by permitting European nations to meet payments on their war debts to us in silver, at a cut rate of about 50 cents on the dollar, provided they agree meantime not to debase their own silver coinage.

The advocates of these measures say they would increase purchasing power and stimulate prices, and would also stimulate demand for our goods in China and other silver countries. On the other hand, it is held that China is the only silver-standard country of any importance, and that China really buys silver with goods instead of goods with silver, and that despite this theoretical loss of purchasing power, it was the only important country to buy more from the United States in 1931 than in 1930.

Calling attention to the long price declines that have followed the great wars of modern times, the Alexander Hamilton Institute sees us in the early part of such an era as began in 1865. It asks two questions in its *Business Conditions Weekly:*

Is there reason for belief that the experience of previous post-war eras will not be followed?

Perhaps of more practical bearing is the question "what hope for business in a thirty-year period of price decline?"

The answer given to the first question is that there seems to be "no reason to expect that this generation will not undergo the experience of its forefathers."

But this should not alarm us unduly. There have been periods of excellent business while prices were declining. And, after all, the fact that we are living in an age of falling prices should be not so much a cause of fear as "a stimulus to enterprise":

The profits of an era of rising prices are partly adventitious, and it is probable that a generation accustomed to aid from the accident of having carried on business in a period of rising prices has much to unlearn as well as much to learn.

But an age of falling prices means an age when business must operate with the closest attention to cost. The luck of rising prices gives way to initiative. Low cost means mass production and more efficient transportation. And, while the expansion of the post-war decade was over-rapid, it nevertheless was laying the foundation of the prosperity of the future. The opening of the West made farms in New England less valuable. Development of new products and improvement of old products means the loss, through obsolescence, of capital invested in the old or less efficient. This is a painful accompaniment of progress, but inevitable.

But it seems to this authority that just now the price-level has gone down somewhat below the secular curve, and that "a minor rise in prices should follow the dip just as minor advances in major cycles of the past have balanced the sharp depressions of those eras."

Concentrating the World's Gold

"THEM as has, gets."

This would seem to apply to gold as well as to other things.

Certainly it would appear so, at least, from recent figures showing that the six largest holders of gold added to their stocks during the last two years more than twice the amount of new gold that became available during that period.

During the two years ending December 31 last, $952,000,000 in gold was added to the monetary stocks held by the Governments and central banks of forty-five countries. During this time, as *The Wall Street Journal* points out, the gold stocks of the six largest holders, exclusive of Great Britain and Spain, rose about $2,104,000,000, or "substantially more than double the amount of new gold made available through production and release from hoarding." As we read on:

Of the increase by large holders during the period, France acquired $1,066,000,000; Switzerland, $338,000,000; Belgium, $191,000,000; Russia, $181,000,000; Holland, $177,000,000; and the United States, $151,000,000.

Among the fourteen leaders, Italy and India also showed slight gains, while every other country has less metal now than two years ago, except Canada, whose stocks are unchanged.

Germany has been the largest loser, with a drop of $210,000,000, followed by Japan with $208,000,000, Argentina with $181,000,000, England with $123,000,000, and Spain with $61,000,000. Brazil, not in the table, lost its entire stock of $150,000,000 during the period. Most of the gains and losses occurred in 1931. The United States lost $174,000,000 in that year. The thirty-one other countries with perceptible supplies of gold show an aggregate loss during the two years of $226,000,000, the total declining to $721,000,000 from $947,000,000. Contrary to the case of the leaders, most of this loss came in 1930 before these nations were either driven off the gold standard or compelled to resort to foreign-exchange control.

The most striking changes in the list of gold holdings in the various countries came in the case of Switzerland and Germany. At the end of 1931, Switzerland had made the big jump from thirteenth place at the end of 1929 and twelfth at the end of 1930 to the fourth position. *The Wall Street Journal* prints a table showing the changes in the last two years in the distribution of monetary gold. The figures are given in millions of dollars, and the past rankings are shown in the parentheses:

	December 31, 1931	*December 31, 1930*	*December 31, 1929*
World total, 45 countries.	$11,242	$10,907	$10,290*
1. United States	4,051	4,225 (1)	3,900 (1)
2. France	2,699	2,100 (2)	1,633 (2)
3. Great Britain	588	718 (3)	711 (3)
4. Switzerland	453	138 (12)	115 (13)
5. Spain	434	471 (5)	495 (6)
6. Netherlands	357	171 (11)	180 (9)
7. Belgium	354	191 (10)	163 (10)
8. Russia	328	249 (9)	147 (11)
9. Italy	296	279 (8)	273 (8)
10. Argentina	253	412 (6)	434 (7)
11. Germany	234	528 (4)	544 (4)
12. Japan	234	412 (6)	542 (5)
13. India	162	128 (13)	128 (12)
14. Canada	78	110 (14)	78 (14)
All other countries (31)	721	775	947

*Forty-four countries.

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Bearer Exchange Warrants, together with the right expressed therein, will expire June 15, 1932.

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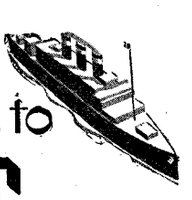

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CURRENT POETRY

UNSOLICITED CONTRIBUTIONS TO THIS DEPARTMENT CAN NOT BE RETURNED. UNPUBLISHED POETRY UNAVAILABLE

THIS picture is humorous, also a bit sardonic, presenting types not often met to-day, yet worth commemorating. In *The London Mercury:*

GREAT AUNTS

BY COLIN ELLIS

They walked in straitened ways,
They had not great possessions;
They lived before the days
When ladies learned professions.

And one was rather mad,
And all were rather trying,
So little life they had,
So long they spent a-dying.

In spotless white lace caps,
Just sitting, sitting, sitting,
Their hands upon their laps
Or occupied with knitting.

And now they are all gone,
Aunt Sophy and Aunt Ella,
Aunt Jane (at ninety-one)
And poor Aunt Arabella.

The house they loved so well
And always kept so nicely
Some auctioneer will sell
"At six o'clock precisely."

It seemed as though their lives
Were wasted more than others':
They would have made good wives,
They might have made good mothers.

Yet this was their reward:
Through ninety years of leisure
Small precious things to guard,
None else had time to treasure.

Their crystal was their pride,
Their porcelain a token
Kept safe until they died
And handed on unbroken.

THE "throb and rhythm" here belongs to its subject. Jim Tully thinks so, and so do we. In *Railroad Stories* (April):

DOWN AT THE ST. PAUL STATION

BY THOMAS ROONEY

Memory often brings me back
Over the ties of a single track,
Hearing the grain mill's pack-pack-pack,
Down at the St. Paul Station.
No Petrified Forest nor Golden Gate,
Niagara Falls nor mountains great,
Still, there was much to anticipate
Down at the St. Paul Station.

The little old building, gray and neat—
An epic of sun, rain, snow and sleet,
Steel armed benches outside and in;
A pot-bellied stove on a strip of tin;
Map of the System, yellow and frayed;
(Sherburne was marked with a jack-knife blade.)
Glass-framed pictures were all around:
The Cities, Montana, and Puget Sound.
The luring tick of the telegraph
Spoke any message for my behalf,
Diverted my gaze from the crated chicks,
And the section car with malls and picks.
Agent Fogarty, big and gray;
Gold-rimmed glasses; genial way;
Always busy, his tanned arms bare,
Boy, how I loved to linger there—
Down at the St. Paul Station!

Smiles of reunion, tears of good-byes,
Handclasps and kisses, unsuppressed sighs;
The drama of life was played for my eyes
Down at the St. Paul Station.
Madison—Jackson—Fairmont—Wells,
(Is it not odd how memory dwells?)
Words to the music of engine bells
Down at the St. Paul Station.

A DOCUMENT in optimism, and perhaps a cure for some of the mental ills of to-day, in *The Atlantic Monthly:*

A STARRY NIGHT AT ARUE

BY JAMES NORMAN HALL

These my beliefs, in eight and twenty lines:
That men are nobler than their actions show;
That "Beauty is Truth" defined and still defines
As much of ultimate truth as we shall know;
That ever-questing Science yet may bare
Much that is strange and new, and after all
Her farthest flights, that Man will stand and stare,
Awed and humbled, at the self-same wall
That hemmed him round when once he lived in trees;
That littleness makes still the happiest nation;
That states do wrong to emulate the bees
In industry, the ants in population;
That of men's crimes against themselves, the latest,
Distance conquered, is among the greatest;

That Reason is a rock no more than Feeling
(Intuition is a safer guide);
That those who make a god of Reason, kneeling
Devout, are not the wholly sane, clear-eyed
Beings they fondly think; that cocks will crow
At dawn, as now, in twice ten thousand years,
Changelessness a changing world to show;
That men will still shed blood and women tears
As long as there are tears and blood to shed;
That joy has lunar months as well as grief.
When everything is said that can be said,
This is my sure, my very firm belief:
That life, to one born whole, is worth the living,
Well worth the taking, having, and the giving.

DEATH is common, but rarely treated lightly. This writer in *The New Statesman and Nation* (London) is humorously defiant:

NO PLACE OR TIME

BY W. H. DAVIES

This curly childhood of the year,
These days of dancing blood—
Is Spring the proper time for breath
To be resigned for good?

When Summer's face is bright and clear,
And all the trees are green—
Shall I believe the time has come
To creep away unseen?

When Autumn shuffles leaves of gold,
And deals them in one heap—
Must I agree that that's the hour
For everlasting sleep?

And when the world is white with snow,
With Winter in his prime—
I'll still maintain that Death's a fool,
That knows no place or time.

THE cat has fewer friends, perhaps, than the dog, but those who love cats feel much like this one who writes in *Our Dumb Animals* (Boston):

SONNET

BY MARGARET E. BRUNER

There have been many cats I loved and lost,
And most of them were of the mongrel breed;
Stray felines have a mighty power to plead,
Especially when chilled by snow and frost.
No matter if by cares I am engrossed,
Somehow I feel that I should intercede,
They seem so much like human folk in need—
Life waifs by winds of hardship roughly tossed.

I think that I should not be satisfied
In heaven with harps and wings and streets of gold,
If I should hear by chance a noise outside
Like some lost kitten crying in the cold—
How could Saint Peter think my act a sin
If I should tiptoe out and let it in?

IS it the arrogance or only the alertness of youth that calls out to the seemingly oblivious old man? In the New York *American:*

OLD MAN, OLD MAN

BY DANIEL WHITEHEAD HICKY

Old man, old man,
Plodding down the street,
Drooping, aging shoulders,
Weary, weary feet;
Old man, old man,
I wonder if you know
That crocuses are lighting fires
Along the way you go?
I see them—pink and yellow,
And here a scarlet one,
Shouting in a song of flame:
"Now the Winter's done."

Old man, old man,
I wonder if you see
Above your head a thousand stars
Upon that cherry tree?
I wonder if you see this bud
That soon will be a rose
Before so many dawns will break,
So many twilights close?
Old man, old man,
Bent with toil and care,
I wonder if you know that April
Runs beside you there?

THERE is a noticeable awakening to the fact that wild animals have rights as well as humans. The Indianapolis *Star* has this:

THE HUNTERS

BY MARGARET E. BRUNER

A picture showed them side by side,
Their heads thrown back in boastful pride;
While from a pole suspended near
Limp bodies hung of lifeless deer.

If want had caused a dire need,
No stigma, then, could cloud their deed.
To them, it meant a holiday
Of sport to while the hours away.

How strange men's minds should never grow,
But lay such lovely creatures low!
God pity those who would appear
Victorious over beauty's bier.

WE know all about airplanes observed from the ground; the traveler by air has been less confidential of his impressions. But one speaks in *The Dalhousie Review* (Halifax, N. S.):

BY AIR

BY EVA PHILLIPS BOYD

I visited with God to-day
And joined the angels in their play!
For just my joy the round earth rolled,
While I leaned down and swiftly told
Each tiny roof of gray or red,
And sent my love from overhead.
A hundred farms lay shining green,
With streams and shadowy trees between;
And widening strips of brown and black
Where small men crawled the plough-horse track.
Wee women stood in narrow plots;
The flocks of geese were clustered dots
White as the linen spread to dry—
I smiled upon them from the sky!
Toy cattle grazed, play windmills turned,
And threads of smoke, from hearth fires burned,
Showed where they spent their little days.
"Oh, look!" I called, "Look up and praise!
For life is more than work and food!
Oh, see how big it is and good!"

For I saw to-day what God can see,
And shared with Him Eternity.

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[May 1932]
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THE SPICE OF LIFE

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Long, Long Trail.—FIRST GIRL—"Dick says he came from a good family."

SECOND GIRL—"Yeh, and I'll bet he's footsore."—*Boston Transcript.*

Highly Entertaining.—"Pa," said Johnnie, "what's a monolog?"

"It's a conversation being carried on by a man and his wife, son," growled his dad.—*Cincinnati Enquirer.*

It Needs No Einstein.—"What gives you the impression that Jack and Betty are engaged?"

"She has a ring and he's broke."—*Boston Transcript.*

Pigmy Solomons.—

Men who boast
That they know wimmen
Often get
The biggest trimmin'.

—*Evelyne Love Cooper in Judge.*

Meeting Pop Half-Way.—"Young man, do you think you can support my daughter on forty dollars a week?"

"I'm willing to try, sir—if that's the best you can do."—*Boston Transcript.*

Helmet of Navarre.—The vicar was paying a visit to the houses of his poorer parishioners, and in one of the houses he asked a good many questions about the family. A very grubby but very cheerful little boy attracted the kindly cleric's attention, and he asked him his name.

"Reginald d'Arcy Smif, sir," replied the boy, with a grin.

The vicar turned to the boy's father.

"What made you give the boy a name like that?" he asked.

"'Cause I want 'im ter be a professional boxer," returned the parent, "an wiv a name like that he'll get plenty o' practise at school."—*Tatler.*

Putting One Over on William.—W. S. Gilbert of light-opera fame was always full of whimsies. At the Garrick Club one evening he made the astounding statement that Shakespeare was a very obscure writer. His statement was immediately protested by most of those present, and he was asked to prove it.

"Well," said Gilbert, "what do you make of this passage?

"'I would as lief be thrust through a quickset hedge as cry "plosh to a callow throstle."'

"There's nothing obscure in that," said one member. "It's perfectly clear. Here's a man, a great lover of the feathered songsters, who rather than disturb the carolling of the little warbler prefers to go through the intense pain of thrusting himself through a thorny hedge. But I don't know that passage. In what play does it occur?"

"In no play," said Gilbert. "I've just invented it. And jolly good Shakespeare, too!"—*New York Morning Telegraph.*

Golden Moment.—MABEL—"It was quite thrilling last night at the movies. A man proposed to me in the dark—a perfect stranger."

MARIE—"Really! And when is the wedding?"—*Boston Transcript.*

Cramping His Style.—"Please, ma'am, could you spare me an old coat?"

"But, my good man, the one you are wearing is nearly new."

"I know, ma'am, but it's this coat that's ruining my profession."—*Answers (London).*

Voice (from underneath tent): "Be careful, Mabel. One of these lumps is a bull!"
—"The Humorist" (London).

Rain in the Attic.—This is the day of sex equality. WOMEN FACE DANGER OF BEING BALDHEADED, says a news item.

Hereafter, instead of a shingle, madame may need an entire new roof.—*Buffalo Courier-Express.*

Boarding-house Salad.—MUSICIAN—"What would you advise me to call this composition?"

CRITIC—"'Piccadilly.'"

MUSICIAN—"Why 'Piccadilly'?"

CRITIC—"Because one is constantly meeting old acquaintances in it."—*Passing Show.*

Hound of Heaven.—A lady living in the Gramercy Park section was walking home from a friend's house in the neighborhood the other evening, when suddenly traversing a dark cross-street she became aware that a man was following her.

She hurried a little faster, but, glancing cautiously over her shoulder she saw that the man was coming faster still—was, in fact, overtaking her.

Just short of her own apartment-house doorway he caught up with her.

"Take this," he told her in a hoarse voice, and shoved a folded piece of paper into her hands.

She took it and, still frozen with fear, darted into the house, up to her apartment, and locked and bolted the door. Then, after she had taken a deep breath, she looked at the paper. It read:

"Jesus Loves You."—*New Yorker.*

Slips That Pass in the Night

Bullet-Proof Vest?—As on all his public appearances, Capone was impeaceably attired.—*Norfolk Virginian-Pilot.*

Tuneful Grandpa.—To Let—Violin by an old gentleman who has been in family 100 years and still has excellent tone and guaranteed to play.—*Atlanta Journal.*

You Bet We Will.—It is unlucky to hear three cows cawing on Tuesday. Stop whatever you are doing when you hear them.—*Davenport (Ia.) Democrat and Leader.*

Excitement in Fairyland.—The flames were extinguished with water from garden roses, after a call had been sent to Fire Warden Dick Shore.—*Unidentified Clipping.*

Charming Fractions.—The estate was valued in the will at "more than $20,000." One-third goes to the widow and two-thirds to each of the children."—*Washington Evening Star.*

Another Beer Parade?—"There is no doubt that Mrs. Rogers is sincerely dry and believes that the dry cause will be aided by what is miscalled resubmission, that is, by a proposal to repail the 18th amendment."—*Boston Herald.*

He Said a Mouthful.—"The blame for what had happened," the Californian said, "may in part be laid at the door of the American public. But Americans have been taught not only confidence in their bankers but something like revenue for them."—*Minneapolis Journal.*

And We Won't!—This country should remember especially the last words that Goethe uttered. "More light."

His eyes were closing. But ours are open, light is abundant, there is no reason why we should semfwy shrdlu shrdlu shrdlu mfwet.—*Erie (Pa.) Dispatch-Herald.*

Attention Barbers, Furriers and Mattress Makers.—Lost or Stolen—Dog with long body and short legs. Long wavy medium brown to light hair. Large bushy tail. Hair on back near tail curly. Long hair on tail light color as well as hair on rear of hind legs.—*Bunker Hill (Ill.) paper.*

Extremely Disrespectful.—Hardly had this episode occurred when Shaukart's son appeared with a knife and made his alleged threat to cut off the priest's head if the latter performed the ceremony. This would have been the greatest insult possible to any Mohammedan.—*New York World-Telegram.*

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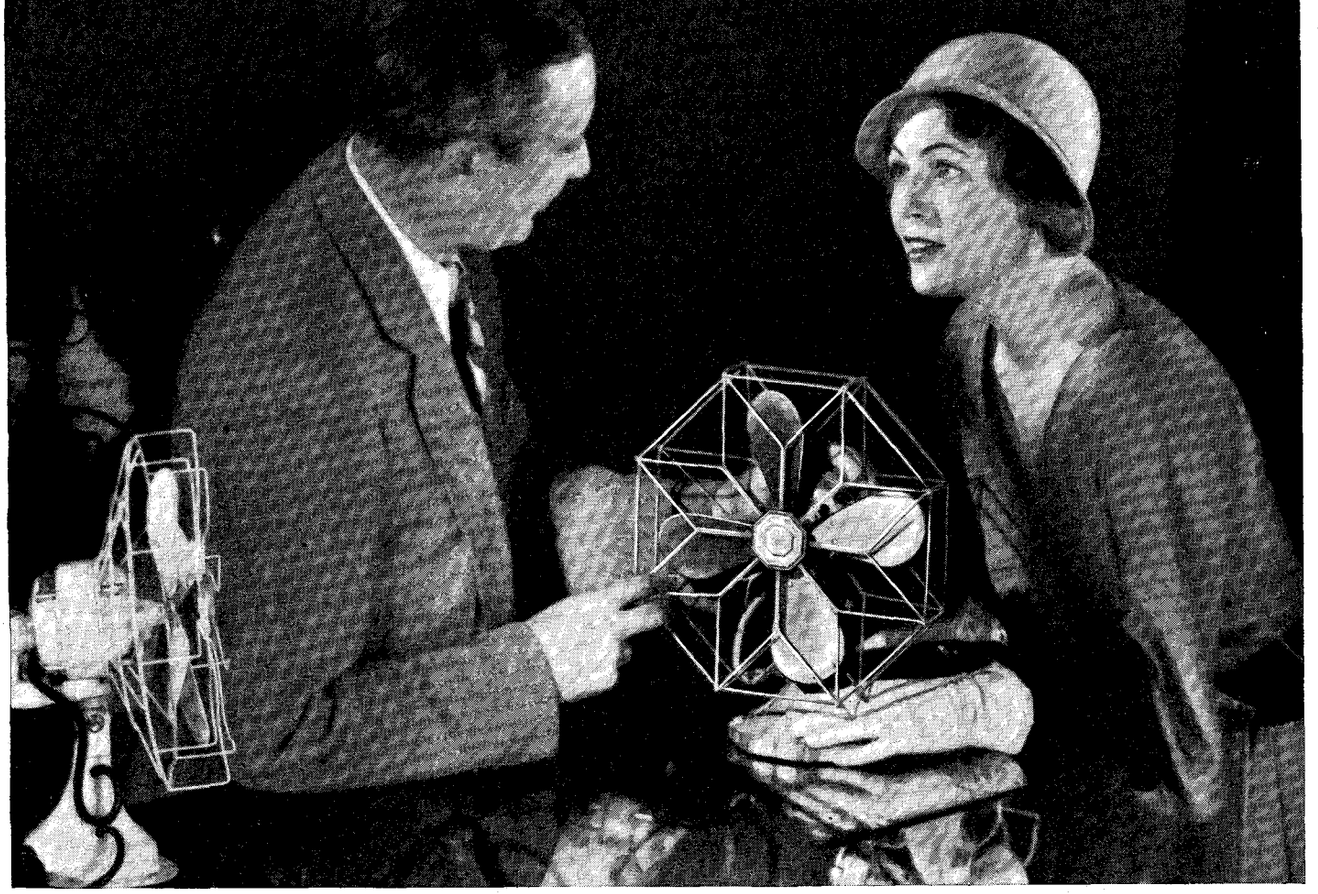

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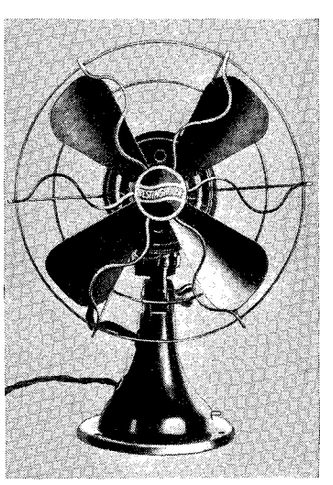

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